

THE MONTH

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What sort of Neutrality?

IN last month's article on the recent International Moral Education Congress we referred briefly to the intervention of the French representatives, but promised in view of the importance of the point to return to it in a future article. It is this we now propose to do. The two principal French deputies, who we believe represented their Government, were MM. Buisson and Alfred Moulet, and apparently they came to testify to the neutrality of the moral instruction at present given in their State schools, and the success that has attended its enforcement. They were undoubtedly competent to bear this testimony, for M. Buisson was for many years *Directeur de l'Enseignement primaire*, and has been so completely the prime mover in the work of secularizing the schools that M. Bourgeois christened him the "Professor of National Education." M. Alfred Moulet is lower down in the educational hierarchy, but, as Professor of the Training College at Lyon, and the writer of books on Moral Instruction which are extensively used, he too has set his stamp on the teaching of the schools. What then had these two gentlemen to say about the neutrality of their *morale laïque obligatoire*, as it is called—the word *obligatoire* meaning that it is enforced, without even the poor protection of a Conscience Clause, on all the children attending the State schools, which are now practically the only schools available for the mass of the children?

Both asserted, with the utmost emphasis, in their papers and in the speeches with which they supported them, that the system was conceived in the spirit of most scrupulous regard for the religious beliefs and feelings of the parents. Absolute "neutrality," said M. Buisson, was observed by the teachers, who were allowed to say nothing "either for or against" (*ni pour ni contre*) any one's religious belief. He also took occasion

to insist on the principle which made this abstention a sacred duty incumbent on the State.

Religious sentiments [he said] and religious beliefs ought to be considered sacred things, that is, private matters of which the individual soul is the only judge, and which no external authority can impose or forbid. . . . The State . . . has no more right, it has still less right, to proselytize or apply pressure, direct or indirect, in its relations with the children than in its relations with the adults. Consequently the equal liberty due to all beliefs, the incompetence of the State to pass judgment on any of them, the danger of all intervention of the civil power in this department, the absolute duty of respecting the consciences of all without exception, should suffice to motive the exclusion of religious teaching from the programme of studies which the State takes under its charge and direction.¹

M. Alfred Moulet expressed himself to the same effect. Only one defect he finds in the system as at present legally prescribed. It retains, no longer indeed since 1905 in the Training Colleges, but in the Primary and Secondary Schools, a chapter on the Duties to God. This he desires to see expunged, in justice to the atheists, those "last of the proscribed." And then :

When the public school is without God—neither for God nor against Him—it will show itself to be the school of toleration, reconciling in the cult of Duty and of the Ideal all those who, whether religious or irreligious, consider liberty to think and express one's thought to be the chief good of all ; sincerity to be the first of obligations ; respect for children to be the indispensable condition of all moral progress.²

Such, if we may trust the assurances given by these two gentlemen to the London Congress, is the satisfactory meaning of "neutrality" as prescribed and observed in the State schools of France at the present time. But can we trust them? Let the reader judge after weighing the facts and considerations we are about to lay before him.

In the first place we may ask what statement of their aims and objects the present rulers of the country have made. Here M. Viviani's words, though they are so well known, need to be borne in mind, since, in view of the circumstances under which they were uttered and accepted, they have been taken as a

¹ *Papers on Moral Education*, communicated to the First International Moral Education Congress, p. 191.

² *Ibid.* p. 200.

kind of formal proclamation of Government policy. For they were spoken in the Chamber of Deputies on November 8, 1906, amidst the cheers of the Government and their supporters, were accepted by M. Briand, then Minister of Public Instruction, as "tracing his [M. Viviani's] ideal, which is also mine," and were placarded at the public expense, by the order of Parliament, throughout the country.

All of us together [he said], by our fathers, our elders, ourselves, we have devoted ourselves in the past to a work of anti-clericalism, a work of irreligion. We have torn all religious belief from human consciences, we have extinguished in heaven the lights which it will never rekindle again. Such has been our work, our revolutionary work, and do you think that this work is finished? On the contrary, it is beginning, it is boiling up, it is overflowing. How are you going to respond, I ask you, to the child now grown into manhood who has learnt from your primary instruction—further completed, too, as it is by the post-school works of the Republic—to contrast his own condition with that of other men? How are you going to respond to a man who, thanks to us, is no longer a believer, whom we have deprived of his faith, whom we have told that Heaven is void of justice, when he seeks for justice here below?

Will any reader say that the speaker and his approvers excluded the influence of the State school and its *morale laïque et civique* when he referred to the methods by which they had deprived the new generation of its faith, and taught it that Heaven is void of justice. If so let such a reader reflect on M. Briand's still more distinct pronouncement in his address to the *Ligue d'Enseignement* in Congress at Angers, reported in *Le Radical* on August 6, 1906.

We are come here [he said] in close proximity to a district where fanaticism is still more narrow, sectarian, and tyrannical. We have resolved to affirm, in this somewhat hostile environment, just because it is hostile, our democratic faith, our secularist faith, and to say that we wish for a country, and a Republic, liberated from all the lies and all the tyrannies of the creeds. Yes, it is just for this that the League is holding its twenty-sixth national Congress in the Angevin territory. . . .

It is the generations formed to the spirit of secularism, and the hopes of democracy, which have gone forth to the battle. *The bullets fired at the reaction*, which have strewn the battlefield with the bodies of its slain, were cast by the schoolmaster, and if the schoolmaster has been able to work so efficaciously for the benefit of republican institutions, it is because you [the *Ligue de l'Enseignement*], you, the propa-

gandists of secularism, have caused them to be free in their action and doings; it is because you by your propagandism, by the works with which you have surrounded the schoolroom, and the moral support you have given to this principle, have created for it this atmosphere of independence and of liberty, without which it could not have lived, or at all events, without which it could not have developed. . . .

I would wish the professors and teachers to be in their teaching not mere instructors, but educators, who make the man out of the child, and teach him not merely dry formulas or rudiments, but can initiate him, foolish prejudices notwithstanding, in the living realities, by teaching him to love life in spite of all the perils and sorrows which it may have in store for him. In this way they will form the true man, the citizen of the true democracy, the man whose brain is not obstructed by preoccupations concerning mysteries and dogmas, the man who sees clearly in front of him, and sees there life such as it is, fair and worthy of being lived, and who will live it. Divinity, so far as there is such a thing, is in men of this sort (*Cet homme-là, la divinité est en lui*), and if god has hitherto been so often powerless, stumbling, and bent beneath the burdens of life, it is because lying and ignorance have far too long held his endeavours in fetters. It is for us to deliver him.

This is surely a sufficiently distinct declaration that members of the *Ligue d'Enseignement*, the schoolmasters entrusted with the inculcation of *la morale laïque et civique obligatoire*, were not meant by their official superiors to understand their function to be one of scrupulous regard for the consciences of all, believers and unbelievers alike, and of an absolute abstention from propagandism, "based on the incompetence of the State to pass judgment on any" [beliefs or unbeliefs]. Will M. Buisson perhaps plead that he is not bound by any words of M. Briand? Hardly, for at the recent Congress he professed to give a statement, not of his personal aims and methods, but of those which are official in his country. Hardly, for M. Briand's words of congratulation and direction were addressed to the *Ligue d'Enseignement*, with whose history and proceedings M. Buisson is so intimately associated, and of which he has been for so long Vice-President.

From the formal declarations of Ministers of State, we may pass to the writings of those who may be regarded as the authorized exponents of the official system and of the meaning of its boasted "neutrality." And here we may not inappropriately set in the first place a foot-note of Mr. Harrold

Johnson's to p. 16 of his paper on *Moral Instruction and Training in France*, that is to say, of the paper he contributed to the Report of Professor Sadler's Inquiry. We do not, indeed, quote him as giving his own view, and very likely he would not accept personally what he sets down as the view of others. We quote him because he is giving the opinion which, after consulting a large number of French Educationalists whom he names as his informants, he found to be the prevailing opinion among them. "Neutrality," he writes, "is usually understood by the teacher as in no way precluding every encouragement of an open mind, and of bringing the reason to bear on all problems, including religious questions." Of course, if this is the understanding, we are already far away from the conception of neutrality for the enforcement of which M. Buisson vouched at the Congress. No reasonable Catholic parent would consider that his children were being taught nothing "against" their Catholic belief when they were told—little mites of ten or twelve or less—that there were many things to be said against that belief and few for it, and they should preserve an open mind, in other words, be sceptical about the whole subject.

But perhaps the "neutrality" of these teachers is recommended to stop at least at that. Perhaps they conscientiously abstain from all attempts to bias the child's judgment on the reasons for either side that have been laid before it. Perhaps M. Goyau, the author of *L'Ecole d'Aujourd'hui*, is unfair in saying of this "neutrality" that "little boys and little girls are made to choose between the Eternal Father and the Eternal Republic, and the schoolmaster is expected to see that the little boys and little girls choose well." Let us ascertain. In a passage quoted in the last article, M. Payot certainly went further, in declaring that even this degree of neutrality was "impossible," and "would reduce the teachers' instruction to insignificance;" that "one must say whither one is going, when charged with the training of others." And M. Alfred Moulet—the very man who at the Congress assured us that the endeavour was to see that the public school should be "neither for God nor against Him," but a simple "school of toleration," acceptable to "religious and irreligious" people alike—wrote in 1904 a book entitled *L'idée de Dieu et l'éducation rationnelle*, to which, by-the-by, M. Buisson wrote a laudatory preface, making indeed "some reserves," but refraining from indicating them. We have not been able to see this book which is out of print, but Father

Edward Myers, in his truly admirable contribution to Professor Sadler's Inquiry, has indicated some of its contents. The teacher in introducing the idea of God is told that he should respect the freedom of the child just arrived fresh from the infant school, and should emphasize its freedom in these words: "Tu es libre de confesser ou de nier Dieu, et ta raison est souveraine,"¹ words which a discerning teacher will readily understand that he is to utter in a tone of voice intimating to the child only too clearly, "But if you are such a contemptible little fool as to believe in Him, I shall know how to make things hot for you." "In the ideal school," the book says, meaning obviously thereby that this is the type which each teacher should endeavour to realize in his own school, "Une morale rationnelle ramène les yeux de la créature sur la terre réhabilitée et sur la matière évoluant," and the aim should be "restituer au milieu social l'énergie que les religions gaspillent au service d'un au-delà hypothétique et de leurs prêtres." And the Inspector General, M. Darlu, in noticing it for the *Revue Pédagogique*,² says of this same book:

M. Alfred Moulet is an atheist; he complains that the public school teaches Deism, and in so doing "suppresses the right of the atheist," and "attacks the materialist's liberty of thought in the person of his child." This is his point of departure which is quite acceptable. His point of arrival is much less so. He desires that the public school shall teach "the absurdity" of religious beliefs (Catholic, Protestant, Jewish), and suppress the liberty of thought of the Catholics, the Protestants, and the Jews, in the person of their children. For this teaching which "will discuss the idea of God," and which he desires to have "obligatory," he traces the following programme. "It will initiate the child in the rights and duties of a freethinker, it will pursue the enemy (by which he means of course the Churches) into its last entrenchment, the idea of God. He will purge this idea until "this scaffolding of dogmatic absurdities tumbles down . . . and man sets himself in the place of his last surviving idol, God." Nor need this teaching embarrass itself with any "metaphysical subtleties." It is enough "if these enter into the group of conceptions which deny the God of the believers. For it is this practically which is the essential thing."

From these few utterances of the exponents of *l'instruction morale, civique, obligatoire*, we can judge of the kind of neutrality

¹ *Moral Instruction and Training in Schools*, Report of an International Inquiry, vol. ii, p. 59.

² 1904, i. p. 402. Ap. M. Georges Goyau's *L'Ecole d'Aujourd'hui*, ii, p. 403.

those leaders of the secularist movement desire: or if more is needed, we may refer our readers to a useful criticism on M. Buisson's statements to be found in the *Tablet* for October 17th; or to the full text of Father Edward Myers' paper already alluded to.

In the third place, let us come to the approved text-books of moral instruction which are used in these State schools. We have two specimens before us, *Elements d'Instruction Morale et civique*, par Gabriel Compayré, and *Leçons de Morale*, par Albert Bayet, the latter one of M. Aulard's Series. Of these the former is described as *ouvrage porté sur toutes les listes départementales*, and the latter as in its sixty-third thousand (in 1907). They are, in fact, well-known text-books, extensively used in the State schools, the former exhibiting the type of neutrality prescribed by M. Jules Ferry in 1882, the latter, that which the further advanced secularists of the present day—those whose watchword is *laïciser la laïque*—are pushing everywhere with increasing success. In M. Compayré's manual we do find a section in which the immortality of the soul is asserted, and the existence of God proved in a somewhat cold way. It even suggests to the children in one place that if a good man fails to secure happiness in this life "he may hope for it in another life, counting on the justice of God"; still, piety is said to consist solely in being virtuous, and it is not intimated that the worship of God should have any part in man's life. On moral duties there are some thin expositions, in which, moreover, there is not a word of mention of the important virtue of purity. But the portions in which the author evidently feels most at home are those where he is expounding the civil and political arrangements of his country, and tracing them all back to the great Revolution, which is everywhere set forth as the unmixed source of all good. Kings and nobles, on the other hand, are exhibited in the worst light. There are no half-tones in the picture drawn. The young scholar is evidently intended to draw the conclusion that kings and nobles were invariably bad and tyrannical, but republicans invariably good and gentle. We are not concerned so much in this article with political questions such as monarchism and republicanism, but, inasmuch as the pretence is that *l'Enseignement laïque* is careful always to keep itself within the limits of clearly demonstrated truths, or—as others will have it—when it encounters matters of opinion, to awaken the reasoning faculty of the children

by putting before them the *pros* and the *cons*, it is worthy of notice that this highly recommended manual is thus dogmatic and intolerant on matters which are so much disputed amongst all classes of mankind.

In the manual bearing the name of M. Albert Bayet, another visitor to the Congress, it is not too much to say that all affectation of neutrality is laid aside. In the twenty-fourth Lesson the children are taught to distinguish between "truths known" and "things unknowable," and are told we cannot "know" scientifically "whether there is another life after death in which the good are rewarded and the bad punished," or "whether there exists a God or not;" also that "it is the religions which occupy themselves with things that are unknowable." In the twenty-fifth Lesson the children are taught that "as nothing can be learnt scientifically about what will take place after death, men have tried to divine it, and have made a great many suppositions on the subject."

There are many religions [it is said] because there are many ways of representing God. Some have thought there is only one God, others that there are many. . . . The principal religions are Brahmanism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism. . . . They speak to us of things unknowable, of things we are free to believe, but which we cannot know scientifically. Hence we have the right to choose between all these religions the one which pleases us most; and, if none of them pleases us, we have the right to have no religion.

The right to have the religion one likes, or to have none is called liberty of conscience. Liberty of conscience is an absolute right. Men have not always understood this. Thus the Catholics formerly, believing their religion to be the only true and good religion, wished to force everyone to be Catholics. . . .

And again :

In former days it was common for the people of the same country to kill and massacre one another for religious questions. Thus in Spain formerly the Catholics slew and tortured more than eighty thousand men, solely because they were not Catholics. In France the Catholics stirred up civil war and continued it for a whole century in order to exterminate the Protestants. They were slain without being allowed any means of self-defence in the base massacres of Vassy and St. Bartholomew. . . . All religions are equally respectable, but a religion which can counsel murder and massacre is contemptible and criminal. Now-a-days men kill one another less frequently for the sake of religion. And yet, even in France, there are people who would like to renew the horrors of the past, and who even threaten with death

those who differ from them in religious belief. A prejudice against others of this sort is base and barbarous. The Catholics have the right to dislike the religious beliefs of the Jews, just as the Jews have the right to dislike the religious beliefs of the Catholics. But those who propose to cut the throats of the Jews or Protestants because they are Jews or Protestants are *assassins*.

In this passage we are told that "all religions are equally respectable." M. Bayet and those who use his book, would if taxed with want of neutrality, doubtless cite these words triumphantly; probably they were inserted by the author with that intention. But it is clear that the lesson the children are meant to learn, and are to be forced to repeat, is that the Catholic religion, the religion of so many of their parents, is "contemptible and criminal," and such as no respectable, right-minded child would ever think of practising. Mark too, the truly diabolical ingenuity by which it is made to appear that all republicans of the secularist type and in a lesser degree all Huguenots and others are just, virtuous, peaceable, gentle and charitable in their dispositions, whilst the Catholics alone stand out in contrast as people who have never been animated by just or kindly sentiments, but are ever—in the present as much as in the past—dominated by one sole passion, the desire to slay and torture all who refuse to accept their religion and bow before their priests. Certainly we do not find here any traces of M. Buisson's "*ni pour ni contre*," nor even of the "encouragement of an open mind by bringing the reason to bear on all problems, including religious questions." There is not a word to indicate that Catholicism has given to the world innumerable heroes of charity, not to speak of piety and purity of life, or that it has raised up countless institutions of benevolence to meet the diverse forms of human need and suffering. Nor, on the other hand, is there anything to indicate that, whatever may be the extent to which some Catholics have sinned by religious persecutions, they had certainly no monopoly in this species of cruelty, or that the guilt on the other side, particularly of the anti-clericals, was at least equal not to say vastly graver. We need not stay now to inquire which side was the aggressor in stirring up the civil wars of the League, the side which sought to impose its harsh and newly excogitated creed on the whole country, or the side which sought to preserve for it the ancient faith of its fathers; nor need we now inquire how far politicians struck in for purposes

of their own. to complicate the issues and bring discredit on the proceedings. Nor again need we insist on the convincing proofs that have been given that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was in no sense due to the clergy, or approved of by them. One thing is at least clear, those Huguenots were not exactly nice people, any more than were the great Fathers of the Revolution, Danton, Marat, Robespierre, Fouquier-Tinville, St. Just, Camille Desmoulins. Yet the idea which, by its reticences and implied contrasts, this manual suggests is that all these people were without exception gentle, friendly-minded creatures, overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

Following on this Lesson on Tolerance come two others on Intolerance under Louis XIV., and Intolerance under Louis XV. The first is a passage from that veracious writer, Michelet. It tells the children that

under Louis XIV. a great many Protestants were sent to the galleys for refusing to become Catholics, some of them being of the age of twelve to fifteen. . . . The chaplains of these galley-slaves [it declares] were almost all of them Lazarist Fathers of harsh character who would not let the Protestant prisoners receive the charitable offerings of their brethren, and used to flog any one they found distributing it. For these floggings the Protestant was laid on a cannon, with his arms and legs tied beneath it, and his body stripped naked. A Turk with strong muscles was the executioner, another being set behind him to strike him if he did not strike hard enough. The instrument was a knotted stick, a veritable bludgeon. . . . The Lazarists treated in the same way the Protestants who would not bend the knee at Mass.

This and more to the same effect, or even worse, is stated on the sole authority of Michelet, just as if these allegations against the sons of St. Vincent de Paul—of the Saint who was so tender and devoted with the galley-slaves, and bequeathed the same spirit to his Order—could be regarded as scientifically established facts, and were not rather the misrepresentations of an unscrupulous malevolence. Moreover, in M. Bayet's manual, in the *questionnaire* annexed to this Lesson, the children are asked, "What is a Lazarist? Why does Michelet wish that the French people should remember these things [about them]?" Why indeed, and what answer are the children expected to give? Manifestly that any Lazarist they may meet—or any priest, for the writer surely does not wish them to be particular about the Order or class to which he may belong—is one who is only longing to treat them, too, with this

sort of brutality. And there is much else in this manual of M. Bayet's which is open to the same strictures, besides sensational pictures to deepen the impression made by their appeal to the faithful eyes.

We have examined these two books, but there are many others of the same class in use in these State schools, and we may refer the reader to a series of articles by M. D. Gurnaud in the *Echo de Paris* for June 20, 25, and July 2, 9, 16. M. Gurnaud examines several others, such as Calvet's *Histoire de France*, Bonniol et Behr's *Histoire de France*, M. Primaire's *Lectures classiques*, M. Payot's *Morale de l'École*, and M. et Madame Des' *Education morale et civique*. No books are allowed to be used in the State schools save such as (1) the teachers, male and female, of each canton, in their annual gathering, have selected and submitted to the Inspector of the Academy, (2) as the Inspector of the Academy has examined, revised, and put on the list of school-books for the department, and (3) as the Rector of the Academy who is, in the last resort, the judge of what is to be retained on the list or removed from it, has finally sanctioned. It follows that these combined authorities are severally responsible for the attacks on Catholicism which are not merely to be found in these manuals, but are the most striking feature in them.

We have seen that, on the testimony of the highest authorities, there is a deliberate design to use the State schools as the chief instrument for rooting out the present religious beliefs of the French people; we have seen that by the acknowledgment of accredited writers of the party, their pretended neutrality is so unreal as to mean at best the instilling into the children's minds of a spirit of scepticism as to the validity of their parents' beliefs; and we have seen that in fact the manuals in common use patently go beyond the encouragement of scepticism, and, whilst rigidly suppressing all that could tell in favour of belief or of Catholic life and history, set themselves, in defiance of facts and of criticism, to depict both Catholic belief and Catholic history in the most revolting light, and as things which every respectable child should loathe and avoid. After this it is to be expected that the teachers should in their turn dot the i's for this version of neutrality, and the Catholic parents of France are in consternation over the thoroughness with which they do it.

Not all the teachers even in the State schools are anti-clerical. One consequence of the wholesale suppression of the Catholic schools is that the supply of teachers is insufficient for the posts requiring them, and the public authorities are compelled to retain some who are at the same time excellent teachers and excellent Christians. How long this will last one does not know, but probably only till the supply of anti-clericals becomes sufficient to fill the posts.

The Ecole laïque [said M. Devinat's *Ecole Nouvelle* for July 4, 1903]¹ endeavouring as it does, in disregard of every species of Gospel or Theism, to build up a universal ethic, would prosper more if it were served by persons who are convinced of the efficacy of this purely human morality. The majority of believers are ill-fitted for this task.

Meanwhile, it may be that in some places these Christian teachers are not harassed, but in many their lot is distressing indeed. "I know," says Mgr. Batiffol, in his interesting lecture on *l'Avenir prochain du Catholicisme en France*,² a village teacher who every Sunday, when the bell rings for the High Mass at which he cannot be present, reads, poor *petit fonctionnaire*, his Mass weeping in the recesses of his dwelling."

We are concerned, however, in this article with the other class of teachers, with those who are in thorough sympathy with the system in force, and in consequent high favour with their official superiors. How do these understand and improve on the prescriptions of their superiors? M. Fénelon Gibon, in the *Revue pratique d'Apologétique* for August, 1908, has brought together a number of incidents illustrative of this point which distressed children have reported to their parents, and these to the papers. The following are a few of them.

In a school at Paris, a teacher, who evidently thought himself very clever, demonstrated the non-existence of God in the following way to some children of ten to twelve years of age: "If I were to offer the good Father God (*au père bon Dieu*) 50,000 francs to extinguish the sun, would he gain these 50,000 francs. You see then that there is no God." (*L'Autorité*, February 2, 1907).

The teacher at Viéville (*Côte d'Or*) told his pupils in a peremptory way that "those who believe in God are imbeciles, that confession is stupidity, and that God is nothing better than a well-stocked purse." (*Libre Parole*, May 17, 1907).

¹ Quoted by Father Myers in his paper, p. 68.

² Bloud et Cie., 1907.

This Viévine case is classical, having been taken into the Law Courts, with results we shall speak of presently.

One of the assistant teachers at Longwy-Bas (Meurthe et Moselle) declared solemnly that "there is no God, or hell, and that all that is an invention of the Curés." After death, he said, you are put in the hole, and that is an end of you. When a rich person is on the point of death, the priest comes to find her out, and threatens her with the spectre of hell if she does not leave him her fortune. (*La Croix*, October 13, 1908).

Again

Another schoolmaster near Paris, counting on the cowardice and indifference of the parents, threatened to deprive of its certificate of studies any child who went to Mass or made its First Communion; and, to punish before the whole school a little girl of seven for having been to Mass the previous Sunday, made her recite aloud the *Pater* and *Ave*, whilst he mocked her.

This last is another classical case, for it was referred to publicly by M. Maurice Barrès in his speech on *Les mauvais Instituteurs*, at the Salle Wagram, on March 16, 1907; and so became instrumental in the formation of the *Parents' League*—for the defence of their children against these Illegalityes—which resulted from M. Barrès' speech. Other peculiarly odious cases are the following:

At a school at Buissière (Loiret) an assistant teacher told his children towards the end of last May that "there was no God, that the priests taught that there was one, but he taught the opposite, and the proof was that all could go on very well without Him—earth, and trees." One might blaspheme God, even in the face of the thunder. "When it is thundering hard," he added, "come and find me, and I will show you that one can then blaspheme God without suffering for it." Among the children who heard this hateful language were several who were to make their First Communion on the following morning. Two fathers protested by letter, but naturally their protest was left unanswered (*L'Autorité*, June 16, 1908.)

Of two other cases, says M. Gibon,

The rosaries and catechisms found in the pockets and desks of the children are seized, and their discovery is often made by the master the subject of the coarsest pleasantries (*La Croix*, December 20, 1899). At Yvetot the teacher confiscated and read aloud, amidst the laughter of its companions, the examination of conscience written by a child on the eve of its First Communion. (*Bulletin de la Société générale d'éducation et d'enseignement*, 1907, p. 368.)

If this is the way in which the teachers reduce to practice the directions of their official superiors, it is hard indeed to understand by what stretch of equivocation the term "neutrality" can be made to cover the system. Nor can it be objected that allegations of this sort are based on the untested assertions of children which ought not to receive too much credence. For they are allegations in keeping with the antecedent probability created by the directions and expositions we have heard from the authors and high administrators of the system. And, if they fail at times of sufficient attestation, we have to remember the difficulty of investigating them. The witnesses of first hand are of necessity children, and children are ever firmly, and not without good ground, convinced that, if they bear witness against their teacher, the teacher, even if convicted, indeed the more he is convicted and condemned, will have many subsequent opportunities of avenging himself and will not neglect to use them. Still some of these cases have received the very sufficient attestation of investigation in the law-courts, with the result of the children's testimony being upheld. The Viévigne case to which we have already referred, is an instance peculiarly in point. It was brought by the parents into court, and Morizot, the teacher in question, was condemned both by the Court of Appeal at Dijon, and on further appeal by the Tribunal of Conflicts at Paris. Nor can it be pleaded that the Ministry of Education, on learning the decision of the courts, at once took action and punished the offending teacher, for it did just the opposite, it promoted him. Even that was not all. M. Dessoye, the President of the *Ligue d'Enseignement*, in consternation at a decision so disconcerting to their plans, cried out from his seat in the Chamber of Deputies that these interventions of the parents, on behalf of their children's religious beliefs, were making the life of the teacher intolerable. This was on December 27th last, and on June 25th of this year, M. Domergue, the present Minister of Worship, brought in two Bills, one proposing to inflict penalties on parents refusing to allow their children to learn from books hostile to their religious convictions, the other placing the teachers above the law in regard to complaints against the illegality of their teaching, by making them amenable in such instances only to their administrative superiors and not to the law-courts. In other words, in a particularly democratic country, the separation of the judicial from the administrative depart-

ment, which in all constitutional countries is regarded as the surest protection against arbitrary government, is done away with for the case of Catholic parents anxious to avail themselves of the terms of the law, which still theoretically assures to their religious beliefs the safeguard of an absolute "neutrality." The Bills indeed have not yet been carried, but presumably they will be in due course, and at all events they are Government Bills.

Surely, after MM. Buisson and Alfred Moulet had so exalted, at the Congress, the "neutrality" of the system they have had so large a part in elaborating, we have done well in raising the question what sort of neutrality they meant. The reader has now some materials—selected out of a vast mass of the same kind—for answering this question. We have said then enough for the purpose of this article.

Still, we may profitably dwell for a brief space on another aspect of this French school question which might well have drawn to itself the attention of the Congress, when M. Alfred Moulet invited its English members to use their influence for the introduction of "this new conquest of justice" into their own country. What has been the effect of its introduction into France? One might easily bring together from other sources materials for judging on this point, but it is most satisfactory that Professor Sadler's Inquiry should have embodied a report on it which the members of the Congress are not likely to overlook. We refer to Mr. Harrold Johnson's paper, already alluded to, and we must thank him cordially for having raised this question of results, and for the boldness and impartiality with which he has recorded facts the bearing of which he could not but have found embarrassing. That the present state of morality in France is distressing, is sickening, no reasonable person can deny. Mr. Johnson describes it in a few impressive, though inadequate lines. An enormous increase of juvenile crime and even of juvenile suicide; the people changed from one of the most sober to one of the least sober of nations; "the pornographic press ('the great primary school of the press') pouring its obscenities into every hamlet of the land;" "some of the most enlightened Frenchmen not appearing at all adequately to estimate the demoralizing and pernicious tendencies of this subtle environment," because "the newspaper to-day is the mainstay of governments, as the wine-merchant is the great elector"—such

are some characteristic features of modern France. Mr. Johnson asks justly how any school system can raise up moral generations if this is the atmosphere in which they are to live. True, it is what the administrators of the religious schools have felt, though they have always been more successful in counteracting it than the others. But, if it is the press which feeds this atmosphere, which press does it—the clerical or the anti-clerical? If all these purveyors of drunkenness and pornography were asked on which side do they range themselves, which party do they support in the time of the elections, which class of schools do they mostly choose for their children—can there be any doubt of the answer they would give? Even so, it will be said, this does not prove that the deterioration of morals is an effect of *l'instruction morale et civique*, and Mr. Johnson, with the advocates of this mode of instruction, remains quite convinced that its ultimate outcome will be improving, and only pleads that it must be given a further space of time before its true outcome can be seen. On the other hand, the French Catholics are, at least, equally convinced that the spreading demoralization is the work of the *école laïque*, and they point out how the children are being taught to ridicule the idea that they are under any sense of obligation, and told that what they are to go by in their conduct is the dictate of their own reason, which for them is superior to that of those who oppose their inclinations; whilst the teachers, at least a good proportion of them, are leaving behind the thirty years old notion of teaching the *vieille morale de nos pères*, and substituting the varying social and political crotchets of the day. Teaching like this, say the Catholics, points directly to the very results we see. All may not derive such base ideals of life from the principles instilled into them, but a large and increasing number will, and be quite sufficient to account for what is to be seen and lamented on every side. We do not wish to pronounce here between these two contentions, but surely it is not premature to demand that, if poor France is to be the *corpus vile* for this classical experiment, at least the system should be left to work itself out there, before attempts are made to import it into our own happier country.

S. F. S.

The Religion of Mithra.

THIRD ARTICLE.

VI. A MODERN APOSTLE.

ANYONE whose attention has been turned to the various cults which were contemporary with the appearance of Christianity, may quite possibly have had the books of Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., brought to his notice. Mr. Robertson is eager to prove that Christianity is, in its origin, not historic, but dramatic; that the dwindling intelligence of the earlier Christian generations misinterpreted a kind of mystery-play (such as were those of the "death and restoring to life" of Attis and Adonis and Osiris), as the representation of actual events, and, by a coarse realism, transformed the *libretto* of this play into the Gospels.

We have no intention of touching even lightly on Mr. Robertson's general theory, but only of making a few reflections on that part of one of his books¹ which deals with Mithra, and which sets forth a description of Mithraism differing in many respects from what we believed ourselves justified in giving in the last two numbers of THE MONTH.

At the outset, we should expect that an author who, even among the evangelists of the Rationalist Press Association, stands conspicuous for the vigour of his attack upon that which is the spiritual life of so many millions, and from which they draw comfort in sorrow and strength in moral stress, would, whether from respect for his adversary or from fears for himself, be very careful in his choice of weapons.

This is why the list of Mr. Robertson's authorities² astonishes us. For after the respectable names of Tiele and Boissier, we find cited without discrimination, H. Seel's *Mithrasgeheimnisse*, 1823, of the first part of which work M. Cumont says³ that it has but the remotest connection with the cult of Mithra; and

¹ *Pagan Christs*, 1903, pp. 289—359.

² P. 289, note.

³ *Textes et Monuments*, i. p. xxv.

of the second, that Seel's notes on the translations of other people's opinions which compose the bulk of it, are mostly valueless; while Seel's own opinions, which follow these, are "a string of fantastic reveries." Sainte-Croix's *Recherches*, &c.,¹ are next cited: they are, says M. Cumont,² but "a sketch of the Mithraic cult and doctrine so far as these could be traced, at the end of the eighteenth century, by written texts." We have seen how poor these are: Sainte-Croix makes no use of the monuments; nor does Windischmann, an author of far higher merit, however, whom Mr. Robertson also quotes. Creuzer and Lajard recur constantly as authorities. M. Cumont concludes his criticism of the former thus:³ "Such is the extraordinary confusion in which the 'symbolic' method of this work issues: it marks a genuine retrogression when compared to the conclusions of Eichhorn [1816] and of Zoega [whose *Abhandlungen*, &c., were edited by Welcker in 1817.]" As for Lajard,

he rendered real service by publishing in 1847 his collection of pictures which remained for half a century the foundation of all research into Mithraism; but the inexactitude of his method, which recalls overmuch that of Creuzer's "symbolism," prevented him from gaining anything by all his trouble. His very wide erudition remained sterile because it was unaccompanied by either critical sense or historical spirit. One may even say that he has actually checked study within the domain he had reserved to himself, first by keeping in his notes a book which he did not publish, next, by piling up in his monographs a crowd of hazardous hypotheses which were destined to send research astray and to discourage the best of good intentions. A very general feeling is expressed in this confession of an eminent scholar: "As for the treatise of Lajard, it is absolute chaos (*ima summis miscentem*), and I have never been able to persuade myself to read it through."⁴

We cannot but feel that Mr. Robertson's imposing list of authorities is singularly diminished in impressiveness when we see that it includes names like these.

Yet even when he quotes these authorities only to deny their worth, we are often left with the curious impression that, be they right or wrong, the quoting of them should be held to have somehow damaged the Christian traditions. Thus on pp. 322 seq. the degrees of Mithraic initiation are discussed.

¹ 1784. Second Edition, with de Sacy's notes, which are of little interest, 1817.

² *Ibid.* p. xxiii.

³ *Ibid.* p. xxiv.

⁴ Usener, *De carmine phocaico*, p. 29. n. 5, quoted by Cumont, *Ibid.* p. xxvii.

Mr. Robertson believes them to have numbered twelve. He relies for proof upon a mutilated and incomprehensible text of Porphyry,¹ who is quoting Pallas; and upon an "important citation"² from Elias of Crete³ who, with Nicetas,⁴ asserts the degrees to have been twelve. But Mr. Robertson does not notice that Elias and Nicetas (whom, indeed, he does not mention) are both of them using Nonnus, a fantastic mythographer of the sixth or seventh century, whose witness Mr. Robertson has himself, just above, abandoned.⁵

M. Cumont, moreover, makes it quite clear⁶ that we may trust St. Jerome's formal evidence⁷ that the degrees of initiation numbered seven. Monuments and inscriptions amply bear this out. Assuming, however, that they were twelve, Mr. Robertson thus proceeds:⁸ "Out of the various notices [*i.e.*, the contradictory data of Jerome, Porphyry, and irresponsible medieval writers], partly by hypothesis, M. Lajard has constructed a not quite trustworthy scheme, representing twelve Mithraic degrees." This "hypothetical and untrustworthy" scheme M. Lajard, this time without any data, even valueless, divides into four groups of three degrees each; three terrestrial, soldier, lion, and bull; three aerial, vulture, ostrich, and raven; three igneous, gryphon, horse, and sun; three divine, eagle, sparrow-hawk, and father of fathers. Note, now, how this preposterous list is used. In an overwhelming note⁹ Mr. Robertson says:

There is a curious correspondence between M. Lajard's four grades and the emblems of the four evangelists: these *however* were introduced into Judaism from Assyrian sources. . . . It is interesting to note *in this connection* that the four Egyptian genii of Hades . . . had respectively the heads of a man, a hawk, an ape, and a dog, . . . while the Assyrian cherubim were compounded of lion, eagle, and man, with a *general approximation to the ox*. . . . There is yet another source for the idea in the zodiac. . . . The four "corner" constellations were the Lion, the Bull, the Waterman, and the Scorpion.

¹ *De Abst.* iv. 16.

² P. 322. n. 7.

³ Eleventh or twelfth century.

⁴ Eleventh century.

⁵ It makes no difference that Nonnus (followed by Cosmas of Jerusalem, c. 750, and by the 10th c. *Scholia Clarkiana*, which are but a *résumé* of Nonnus) gives eighty where Nicetas and Elias give twelve. M. Cumont (*Textes et Monuments*, ii. p. 29, *app. crit.* on Nicetas, and cf. *Ibid.* pp. 26—30) accounts for this by a confusion between Π and ΙΓ. Whether Nonnus meant to say eighty or twelve, the fact remains that he is worthless; that Elias and Nicetas meant to copy him, and had no means to correct him. Their evidence is therefore worthless too.

⁶ *Textes et Monuments*, i. 314 seq.

⁷ Ep. 107, *ad Laet.*, Migne, *P.L.* xxii. 869. ⁸ P. 323. ⁹ P. 324, i. *Italics ours.*

Who will escape the impression that, in spite of everything, the "hypothetical and untrustworthy" Mithraic scheme is somehow responsible for Christian emblems which had, "however," a widely different origin? or that the totally disconnected facts quoted "in this connection" at least show that the Christian symbolism is pagan in origin and value after all? If such a note was written *pour épater le bourgeois*, it may well effect its purpose.

Before we notice Mr. Robertson's contention that Mithra was virgin-born, we must glance at his conjecture that Mithra was twy-sexed. He hints this first on pp. 302, 303, where, however, he wrongly identifies Kronos-Zervan with Mithra. On p. 306 he quotes the much-discussed passage of Herodotus,¹ who seemingly equates Aphrodite Urania with the Assyrian "Mylitta," the Arabian "Alitta," and the Persian "Mitra." A mistake, say Rawlinson and Sayce: Herodotus just before and after this statement makes comprehensive blunders, and the Persian Aphrodite was Anâhita. Exactly, retorts Mr. Robertson: Mithra=Anâhita; *i.e.*, is twy-sexed.

Monuments, he continues, prove this identification. But there are only two which can be quoted.² Both of them are fragmentary; the first (dating from Artaxerxes II. Memnon 408—358, B.C.) merely contains the names "Ana]hita . . . Anahita and Mithra;" the second runs, "Thus spake Artaxerxes . . . I have built this Apadâna according to the will of [. . .] [May] Ahura-Mazda, Anahita, and Mithra keep me from evil." But if "Anâhita and Mithra" means "Anâhita, *i.e.*, Mithra," what becomes of Ahura-Mazda? And what are future historians to make of William and Mary? And are they to be at liberty to write "Crosse, *i.e.*, Blackwell"?

Mr. Robertson next identifies Mithra with Strabo's Ômanos [=Vohu-Manô=Good-Thought] who was worshipped at the same altar with Anâhita. But Strabo first speaks³ of the *temples* of Anattis and Omanos, and next⁴ of the *gods* who have common altars with Anattis. Is then "Anadatos," too, to be identified with Anâhita and Omanos and Mithra? Besides, Vohu-Manô was the chief of the six Amshaspands or Spirits immediately inferior to Ahura-Mazda. But these spirits were only important

¹ I. 131.

² *Textes et Monuments*, ii. nn. 1 and 2; pp. 87 and 88.

³ XI. 512, c. Anattis is identical with Anâhita. ⁴ XV. 733 c.

in the Zoroastrian system, where Mithra was but a mere Yazata far below them: in the worship where Mithra was important, there is no proof¹ that the Amshaspands even existed.

From the appearance on "innumerable Mithraic monuments . . . of the symbols of two deities, male and female, the sun and the moon," we really cannot argue that "the combination of Mithra in a double personality with that of a Goddess is made clear." If it were so, into how complex a personality must he not be knit with those of the Zodiac, the seven planets, the Elements and Seasons, and countless other astrological symbols which appear together with Sun and Moon on the same ritual slabs?

And if the British Museum Mithra—"a face of perfect and sexless beauty, feminine in its delicate loveliness of feature, masculine in its association with a male form" really "preserves to us this epicene or double-sexed character," we can only conclude that the Athletes, the Orestes, the Pylades, of the same decadent Græco-Roman period, are all equally hermaphrodites.

Mr. Robertson ultimately relies on Firmicus Maternus,² who says, "The Magi] divide Jupiter (= Ahura-Mazda) into two functions [*potestates*], transferring his nature to either sex, and assigning the substance of fire to male and female statues: and as for the woman, they make her triple-faced, entwining her with serpents." But the witness is valueless. To start with, if any one here were twy-sexed, it would be Ahura-Mazda: once the division in the divine nature is conceived of, the resultant god and goddess, and their statues, have each their own sex. And not only is Maternus notoriously and constantly unreliable—in this very chapter he extravagates into a psychology quite disconnected with Mithraism, and patently misinterprets the Mithraic slab—but he has either seen and grotesquely mis-described the Lion-headed statue, or is mistaking for Mithraic, statues such as he describes, but which belong to other Oriental cults.³

The other author quoted as "making Mithra two-sexed and threefold or threeformed," is "Dionysius."⁴ The pseudo-Areopagite really says, "This incident [*i.e.*, the miraculous tripling of a certain day] is especially inserted into the Persian

¹ *Textes et Monuments*, i. p. 396, n. 2.

² *De err. prof. relig.* 5. Migne, *P.L.*, xii. 992.

³ Macrobian. *S. I.* 17. 67.

⁴ *Ep. ad Polyc.* vii. ; *P. G.* iii. 1082.

sacerdotal traditions, and the Magi still commemorate the 'triple Mithra' [=the tripled length of Day-light]. There is here no mention of sex, nor of form. An incident is commemorated, as Jews might have kept the anniversary of the "standing still of the sun." If the miracle-story was invented to explain a phrase "triple Mithra" which had become obscure, this phrase may indeed have applied to the twin torch-bearers who flank Mithra Tauroktonos, and may well express the rising and setting of the daylight.

That St. Ambrose¹ identifies *dea caelestis*, Mithra and Venus, merely shows that he had read Herodotus and was unacquainted with Mithraists. Herodotus' own mistake may well be due to his confusing of two equally unfamiliar frequently conjoined names. Anâhita later on was assimilated to Cybele, who was certainly never identified with Mithra, any more than were the other pairs of god and goddess, worshipped in conjunction, Apollo and Artemis, Attis and Cybele herself, &c.

This laborious identification of Mithra with Anâhita is the stranger because Mr. Robertson goes on at once to argue that Mithra was her son. This is to show that he, like Christ, or *vice-versa*, was virgin-born.

Mr. Robertson would prefer to assert, in view of a "primary tendency,"² that such a myth *must* have developed. He recurs however to positive argument.³ Mithra, he says, is identical with Sabazios:⁴ Strabo says Sabazios is, as it were, the child of the mother:⁵ Mithra must therefore have had the same relation to a mother. But Anâhita (as Goddess of Fertilizing Waters) would "necessarily figure in her *cultus* as a mother," and as Mithra (who was "paired" with her) "never appears (save in worshipful metaphor) as a father, *he would perforce rank as her son.*"⁶ "It was further practically a matter of course that his divine mother should be styled Virgin, the precedents being uniform."⁷ Mr. Robertson quotes Agdestis (we congratulate

¹ *Ep. c. Symm.* [I. 18. 30]; *P.L.* xvi. 1021.

² *P.* 96. ³ *P.* 338.

⁴ M. Cumont, while acknowledging that Sabazios in Lydia replaced Mithra in the couple Mithra-Anâhita, reminds us (I. p. 235, n. 6) that an inscription, "I cut down the tree of the gods Zeus-Sabazios and Artemis-Anâhita," is the sole proof of connection between Mithra and Sabazios. And really we cannot say that it is worth much. The *tree* had its place in the Asiatic cult of Attis, but not of Mithra.

⁵ His very obscure words really are (x. 3, § 15), "Sabazios, too, of the Phrygians is also in a sense the child of the mother, seeing that he also has handed down the Dionysiac rites."

⁶ *P.* 337.

⁷ *Ibid.*

any one who discovers trace of virginity in the ugly story of this rock-born hero); Attis, son of Athene; and Saoshyant (with whom he identifies Mithra), born of Zarathustra and a woman. "As a result . . . we find Mithra figuring in the Christian Empire of the fourth and fifth centuries alongside of the Christ, as supernaturally born of a Virgin-Mother and of the Most High God."¹

Apart from the remarkable logic of all this passage, what can be more disconcerting than note 1 on p. 340, which any one would take to contain the authorities for Mr. Robertson's final statement. It does nothing of the sort. The passage of M. Cumont² there referred to really deals with certain savage myths related third or fourth-hand by Eznig and Eliseus,³ and suggests that in the recesses of Armenia it may indeed have been related that Mithra was incestuously born of Ahura-Mazda and that god's own mother, or, in one case, of the god and a woman, of all which, M. Cumont says:

We shall dispense ourselves from dwelling on these singular myths and their analogates. *Their character is radically different from the dogmas accepted by the western believers in the Persian god.* The peculiar medley of disparate doctrines which constitutes the religion of the Armenians appears to have had no connection with Mithraism other than a partial community of origin.⁴

Moreover, the human mothers in these stories, even in late and refined editions, and even when called by the name *παρθένος*, are never thought of as *virgin*. Dr. Farnell has shown at great length that the notion of chastity but gradually entered into the connotation of the title *παρθένος*.⁵ Indeed, some *παρθένος* divinities were anything but maiden. *Παρθένος* meant originally not maiden, but unmarried; and the terms are, unfortunately, not convertible.

It does not help that Mithra was worshipped in grottoes,⁶ and was called *θεὸς ἐκ πέτρας* (God-from-the-rock.) Neither practice nor title suggest that Mithra was *born* in a cave. Nor have we any right to argue⁷ (even if Adonis was "born and worshipped in a cave," and Tammuz=Adonis adored⁸ in the very cave of Bethlehem) that Mithra, like Adonis and Tammuz, should necessarily have been sooner or later regarded as "virgin"-born. Mithra was not "virgin"-born, nor cave-born;

¹ P. 340.² I. 234, 235.³ Cf. ii. 3 and 5.⁴ P. 235.⁵ *Cults of Greek States*, ii. 447, 448.⁶ Pp. 316, seq.⁷ P. 338.⁸ S. Jerome, *ad Paul*, 58; *P.L.* xxii. 581.

but the daylight was represented as springing from the vault of heaven imaged by a conical stone; and in pictured guise this was placed, if anywhere, under a tree and by a river.¹ Even the shepherd-adoration, on which Mr. Robertson naturally insists, we have shown² to be an at least unconvincing incident.

With equal pluck Mr. Robertson determines to show that Mithra died, descended into Hell, and rose again.³ He has but one piece of evidence. It is a long passage from Firmicus Maternus,⁴ which relates a mystic representation of a divine death, followed by an exultant return to life. But not only, as we know, is Firmicus a very poor authority—here in particular his pages are a cento of disconnected phrases and incidents—but in this account he never even mentions Mithra: no one (not Mr. Frazer, for instance, who naturally sees here an Attis ceremony) except Mr. Robertson takes this for Mithraic worship; the only reason for thinking of Mithra at all is that the unreliable Firmicus says the god was imaged by a stone, while we know Attis' representation was normally of wood, though his constant companion Cybele was regularly symbolized by a stone. Mr. Robertson remembers "in this connection" that Mithra was pre-eminently *ἐκ πέτρας*—"from the rock," and argues thence that "the stone image would be laid in a rock tomb," and accomplishes thus a "sufficiently striking parallel" to "a central episode in the Christian legend." Ourselves unable to trace any connection between these statements other than the purely grammatical, we are left wondering at the conclusions to which the "will to disbelieve" can guide an argument.⁵

A more interesting passage is that which begins on p. 331. Mr. Robertson, quoting M. Havet,⁶ rejects the notion that

¹ *Textes et Monuments*, ii. fig. 435, pp. 498, &c. ² THE MONTH, Oct. 1908, p. 399.

³ Pp. 319, seq.

⁴ On p. 325 it is said that the treatises on Mithraism were "every one of them destroyed by the care of the Church." What grounds have we for this? Mr. Robertson gives none, but adds (note i. *ib.*) that the work of "Firmicus is mutilated at a passage (v) where he seems to be accusing Christians of following Mithraic practices." He is really reproaching Constans and Constantius, or Christians generally, not for imitating, but for tolerating pagan worship. It is the Persian cult he wants to have stopped. The treatise is mutilated too at the beginning. There, too, says Mr. Robertson, "he may have made a similar proposition." But then again he may not. And since the original proposition, to which it should be "similar," never existed, he probably did not.

⁵ It is amusing to mark that in the text of p. 187 Mr. Robertson says "*We know*" (that in Mithraism such a drama existed): but in the candid note (*ibid.* n. 4), this "*we know*" is naively rectified; it becomes "*I think.*"

⁶ *Le Christianisme et ses Origines*, iv. 133.

Mithraism "parodied" Christianity, by quoting Christian Fathers, Firmicus, Tertullian, and Justin Martyr, as maintaining that wicked devils *anticipated* Christianity by "imitating" among pagans the contents of Jewish prophecies. If borrowing there was, concludes Mr. Robertson, it must have been by Christians from Mithraism. Let us see what Justin does say (for his argumentation "underlies" that of the other two, who, as Mr. Robertson sees, are not explicit). Justin undoubtedly says (Tryph. 70) that the prophecy of Daniel 2³⁴—*i.e.*, the stone cut from the mountain without hands—was "imitated" by devils when Mithra was said to be born of the rock, and when his ritual was placed in a cave; and again that in Mithraism was "imitated" Isaiah 33¹⁶. "This man shall dwell in a lofty cave of a strong rock. Bread shall be given him, and his water is secure." He presumably sees in this an origin for the Mithraic pseudo-Eucharist of bread and water, but also (c. 78) a reference to the cave-birth of Christ.

Notice first, that Justin does not *say* that this diabolic travesty of prophecy was *pre-Christian in date*; and that he does positively say¹ that the devils imitate the Eucharist *itself* in the Mithraic mysteries. Mr. Robertson should have quoted that passage. "If the Mithraists *had* simply imitated the historic Christians," he argues, "the obvious course for the latter would be simply to say so." And that indeed is simply what Justin, in this passage, does say.

But there is no reason why we should attach historical value to either of Justin's contentions. The divergent pedigrees of the historic Mithraic and Christian meals are so well known as to render quite unnecessary, and, in our day, perverse, any theory of borrowing on either side. Justin was fighting for the life of one system against hostile living systems in days when the historical sense was practically dormant; it is not in the least blameworthy or astonishing that he confuses values and has no perspective. But we cannot absolve his twentieth century critics from these faults so easily. If, as Mr. Robertson rather inelegantly reminds us,² "it is not well for those who keep a private conservatory, however small, to throw stones," he should refrain from calling Justin "perhaps the most foolish of the Christian Fathers."³

To tell the truth, Justin's own notion of the Eucharist is

¹ Apol. i. 66. P.G., vi. 429. Cf. *ibid.* 640; 660.

² P. 324. ³ P. 331.

absolutely clear, and, born as he was close to Jerusalem less than a century after its institution, will have been the less subject to aberrations. He evidently never dreams that the Christian rite owes anything to its adversary; his silence on that point becomes an argument; and if any one, then or afterwards, had even suggested the possibility of such a debt, we cannot believe that that learned and mystic and violently anti-Christian devotee of Mithra, the Emperor Julian, would never even have hinted it in his controversy. Justin offered some rather fantastic alternative explanations of an analogy which naturally struck him; they were the best he could give; they do not impress us; but Mr. Robertson's converse contention, that the debt was all on the side of Christianity, he would have scouted; and we are content to follow him in his "foolishness."¹

We have with diffidence referred to a very few sentences chosen from Mr. Robertson's copiously illustrated arguments, of which we cannot persuade ourselves that the value remains wholly unaffected by the occasional discontinuousness of reasoning, and the not invariable accuracy of illustration. But towards the end of his tractate Mr. Robertson recalls to us "the principles made classical by Fluellen," which, however, we should not have dared to quote had not Dr. Sanday, at the recent Congress at Oxford for the History of Religions, used them with regard to no less a person than P. Jensen.

"There is a river in Macedon," said the Welshman; "and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth. . . 'Tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both."

Thus, p. 333, the passage quoted from Isaías suggests Mithraic initiation; Gen. 49²⁴, and much of the Song of Moses (Deut. 32), and Zachariah's mystic stone (39) prove not only the irremediably Mazdean character of ancient Judaism, but that when the "pseudo-Petrine and Pauline Epistles" called Jesus a "living stone" and a "spiritual rock," and when Christ Himself, in a "so obviously unhistorical utterance," calls Peter a rock, we are in full Mithraism, and the *θεὸς ἐκ πέτρας* is the "source" of all the Christian symbolism.

We have already had occasion to mention in THE MONTH

¹ This subject is well treated, though briefly, in "Mithriacisme et Christianisme," *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, February 1, 1907, A. d'Alès, S.J.

for March, 1907,¹ by how curious a process Mr. Robertson's predecessors have deduced the very name *Mass* from a Pehlevi word *Myazd*, *feast*. "In the same connection," he here finds that the crown of thorns is a variation of a nimbus, and Mithra wore a nimbus. Christ was hanged upon a cross, and the older Persian Sun-god rode "with hands lifted up towards immortality;" moreover, the wheel of his chariot was symbolized by four spokes placed cross-wise. The Bishop's mitre is merely the high Mithraic Phrygian cap—though until the eleventh century the mitre remained a low cap bound by the *fillets* which were its origin and essence—and his red boots those worn by the military worshippers of Mithra.² "Mithraic Christians . . . listening to the Roman litany of the holy name of Jesus knew they were listening to the very epithets of the Sun-God,"³ though this litany was certainly not composed at the time when Mr. Robertson's "Mithraic Christians" could have existed, and anyhow, of the invocations which he quotes, some are not Mithraic, others not in the litany, and the rest common to all natural devotion.

"There is good ground for the view," he goes on,⁴ "that the legend of St. George is but an adaptation of that of Mithra;" his authority is "Gutschmidt, cited by Cumont,"⁵ and when we have verified this reference (first correcting it, by the way—too often necessary in reading this book), what is not our astonishment to read M. Cumont's severe criticism on the data and method and conclusions of Gutschmidt, and⁶ his decision that connection between St. George and Mithra is "a hypothesis in no sense demonstrated." And last of all,⁷ having assumed, and therefore being bound to defend, the identity of St. Peter with Mithra and also with Janus, he argues that Mithra having been worshipped on the Vatican, and Cybele having had there the home of her Arch-Gallus, and the priests of Mithra having often been priests of Cybele as well, the *Pater Patrum*, or Pagan Pope of Mithraism, must also have had his home on the Vatican; whence we are "entitled to assume" that the grave of St. Peter was assigned to the Vatican simply because in the Mithraic

¹ "Flotsam and Jetsam."

² P. 381. Mr. Robertson had a much better case in the Papal tiara, which was early high and pointed, though quite unlike the Phrygian cap which the Catacomb artists knew quite well how to distinguish from it. Cf. *Römische Quartalschrift*, 1899, pp. 77—108.

³ P. 352.

⁴ P. 353.

⁵ II. 72.

⁶ I. p. 42, which Mr. Robertson does not quote.

⁷ P. 356.

worship his "legend" (as Leader of the Twelve, fisherman, rock, and key-bearer) was there already adumbrated. Indeed, Mr. Robertson ends by declaring that "*there is strong reason to suppose that the 'chair of St. Peter' is simply the chair of the Pater Patrum, the supreme pontiff of Mithra at Rome.*" It is true that he is quite ready light-heartedly to agree, a little lower, in deference to an opinion of de Rossi, that "it may well be that the whole thing is a fortuitous importation, *like so many other ecclesiastical relics*" (i.e., "I may be quite wrong, but the Church shall have her slap"). But he resumes at once, that "*there is at least a possibility that it is a relic of a pre-Christian Cult.*"¹ Thus, "There is *strong reason* to suppose it is X: *it may well be*, however, Y: There is *at least a possibility* that it is Z." And all on the same page!

We have not been, we think, unfair because we have taken but a few out of Mr. Robertson's accumulated analogies to reflect upon; they are all much of a muchness, and no mere addition of these mortal sins against history and good sense could ever make the conclusions a more venial affair. A book like his is interesting and significant. An energy of apostolate is displayed that all might envy. A compilation of incidents, *faits divers*, tending to the destruction of the hated system has been made with all the devout fervour, and—dare we say it?—more than the naïve uncriticalness—of any nun at work upon the anecdote book that is to glorify her patron-Saint. We do not think that Mithra *was* twy-sexed, or parthenos-born, or died and rose again, but it would not matter at all if he was, or did these things, and entered thus into the category of gods of whom these things may be predicated. Any historical relation between them and Christianity is unproven, and religious connection is unthinkable to any one who has had the least appreciation of what their faith was to the early Christians and is to those of our own day. As we said, Mr. Robertson holds the Christian mentality, insisting upon concreteness, to be lower than the pagans', whose deities were always "soluble

¹ All this is singularly illustrated by the fact that of all the inscriptions bearing the title of *pater patrum*, none, so far as we know, has been excavated on the Vatican. By far the largest group, C.I.L. 749—754, belonging to the Mithraic chapel near the Flaminian way, were unearched close to San Silvestro in Capite. We offer to Mr. Robertson, who wishes to identify St. Peter with Janus, the rival tradition—worthless, but that does not matter—that Peter was buried on the Janiculum.

into a mysterious abstraction."¹ Even as Byzantine and Papal eyes "recoiled pessimistically from comeliness," so "they turned vacantly from allegorical or esoteric symbols." "For the Dark Ages," says Mr. Robertson pityingly, "the symbol of the Cross was much more plausibly appealing than that of the God slaying the zodiacal bull."² Alas, poor Dark Ages! No more the "mystically-figured Persian, beautiful as Apollo, triumphant as Ares, but . . . the gibbeted Jew, in whose legend figured tax-gatherers and lepers, epileptics and men blind from birth, domestic traitors and cowardly disciples"³—that was all they could appreciate!

"He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him. He was despised and rejected of men; . . . and as one from whom men hide their face, He was despised, and we esteemed Him not." With those despisers stand the critics of the Dark Ages: we, with St. Bernard, who said, "*Tanto mihi carior, quanto pro me vilior!*" We are content to share the pessimism and barbarism of that great poet and Crusader.

The erudite page and the marshalled notes (we fear, or rather hope, that Mr. Robertson has not looked up all his references), and the smart irreverence of the style will bewilder and sadden those to whom close study is unknown or impossible, and will tickle the emotions of men who already have no love for the Christist system, as Mr. Robertson calls Christianity. (Indeed it is just as well that he should apply to his own travesty of that faith a name which no one else will think of attaching to the reality). For the rest, in the words of that eminent professor whose courtesy and erudition enabled us to speak with such conviction on the derivation proposed by Mr. Robertson for *Mass*, "I should think that his books were calculated to strengthen the belief in revealed religion."⁴

C. C. MARTINDALE.

¹ P. 347.

² P. 349.

³ P. 348.

⁴ We may be allowed to add that since this article was in print, Professor Cumont has with great kindness written to us at some length, assuring us that the conclusions we have reached in it are fully justified.

Social Work after leaving School.

HUNDREDS of young men go out from our Catholic colleges every year to enter business or study for the professions. They step gaily into the world's arena, and no one who is not a confirmed cynic can watch their early efforts without sympathy and encouragement. They are worth watching. Their character is put to the test, and their principles called into action. We see what their education has done for them better than prize-lists could tell us. Habits of perseverance and self-control, fostered amid discouragements, now bear fruit. Or again, weaknesses of character, concealed, perhaps, rather than cured by school discipline, make their owner an easy prey for the world's harpies. Those who hitherto have had but little scope for choice must now choose for themselves. Their preferences will appear. Up to this they have largely been acted on by the traditions of their school and have moved with its movement. Now we shall know whether they have got what an experienced teacher used to call "inside works" of their own.

And how important it all is! Here is the coming generation of Catholic laymen. Upon them in great measure will depend the welfare of the Church in this country. They will have difficulties to face quite as serious as any which confronted their fathers. Indeed, everything points to the likelihood of their being called upon to meet difficulties of quite uncommon magnitude, in which the severest demands will be made upon their religious principles.

It is natural, then, that we should survey with anxious concern the ranks of the young men who have lately left our Catholic colleges. In the present article we shall endeavour to form some estimate of their moral strength, and to suggest some methods of increasing it.

It is rash to generalize. But, as the result of a persistent interrogation of those who were likely to know, we have arrived

at the following conclusions, which we may state for what they are worth.

Leaving out of account our obvious failures,—those who on leaving school drop their religious principles overboard with a promptness which indicates that their Catholicism was never really a part of them,—we may consider the case of the majority who have, in varying degrees, taken the impress of their schooling. Of them we report as follows. We find that, as a rule, they fulfil their religious obligations. In many cases they are remarkable for a spirit of solid piety. They lead, on the whole, much cleaner lives than the men about them. They do their work at least as conscientiously. But as a body they are, where religion is concerned, somewhat deficient in imagination.

This may not seem a very serious fault to find with them. Surely, it may be said, if they have got a good outfit of religious principles they can afford to dispense with imagination. But we reply that their lack of imagination hinders them from putting their principles into due practice. It prevents them from seeing and from letting others see what an amount of driving-power those principles possess. It means opportunities lost and power wasted and faculties atrophied and lights left under bushels. Cardinal Newman's advice to the Catholics of his day was that they should make their principles known, and should force men to look at Catholicism. The advice is still seasonable after half a century. But our young Catholics will scarcely succeed in carrying it out so long as they are lacking in imagination. Unless they see the vision they will not deliver the message.

We sometimes meet young men who are Socialists, and who find their imagination fired by their Socialism. They are enthusiastic, enterprising, tireless. Their beliefs and their hopes urge them to an activity which disregards human respect. They revel in their Socialism. It colours their thoughts and flows into their speech. They scheme and plan and dream dreams: and their dreams are no idle imaginings, but result in the strenuous propaganda which we see all about us.

Now the Catholic Church is quite as inspiring as Socialism. It is no less stimulating to the imagination. Quite apart from the supernatural light and strength which it imparts to its members, we know that merely as a visible institution, it constitutes a grander and more satisfying object for the

imagination than any other institution in the world. Its glorious traditions and inspiring associations, its touching ritual and its lofty theology, its marvellous adaptation to every human need and aspiration, the variety of its types of sanctity and the wisdom of its rule, the tenderness of its charity and the beauty of its art, the length of its history, the breadth of its conquests—all these are aspects of a great organism which should flood the imagination with the most brilliant series of pictures. There is food enough here for the wildest of optimists, the most daring of dreamers. Here is emphatically a cause which should bring out all the generous chivalry, all the apostolic spirit of a young man. His aged grandfather may be condoned for despairing of the world's reform. *He* retires into his shell, and (we trust) makes his peace with God. His middle-aged uncle (or, let us say his uncle with a middle-aged heart, since youth is not altogether a matter of years), is apt on the other hand to make his peace with the world. *He* regards the universe as a static affair: life does not, in his view, flow towards great issues, as it does for the young man who is facing time, and the old man who is facing eternity. Unlike them he has what Heraclitus would call "a moist soul." But of our young man we expect better things. We expect him to have enthusiasm because he is a young man. And we expect that enthusiasm to be a reasoned, balanced, effective, ennobling enthusiasm because he is a Catholic.

For enthusiasm should be in his case the efflorescence of his supernatural faith. Our plea for a little more imagination is a plea for a more lively faith—for a faith which will illuminate nature and reveal God's action in secular history and discover Christ under the beggar's rags and turn life into an absorbing campaign in which there is every opportunity and every inducement to play a distinguished part.

The process of cultivating what we may call a Catholic imagination is rendered at once more necessary and more difficult by the surroundings in which a young Catholic finds himself to-day. We congratulate ourselves in this country upon having, to use Cardinal Manning's phrase, emerged from the catacombs. But whatever may be the disadvantages of catacombs, they at least ensure that the imagination of him who lives in them shall retain a Catholic colour. For his eye meets nothing but Catholic pictures, his ear hears only Catholic sounds. He is cut off from pagan influences. He may not make the most

of his environment; but at all events he knows of no other. He lives in a Catholic atmosphere.

But our Catholic young man has come out into the open. He is merged in the crowd of the forum. The tombs of the martyrs are no longer under his eyes. Secular sights and sounds crowd upon his senses. Secular interests absorb him. If he wants a Catholic atmosphere he must create it within his own spirit. If his imagination is to have a Catholic colour he must make a deliberate effort to nourish it on Catholic food. He must meet my Lady Poverty in Piccadilly and traffic with angels at Charing Cross, and find faith in Fleet Street.

With enlarged spheres of influence and increased opportunities of spreading the light comes the difficulty of keeping that light burning. The little oil-lamp of the catacombs has to contend with the electric arcs of the city, the glare of the world's footlights. If the former burns low the poor boy is dazzled by the latter. He may easily forget all about the flame he holds in his hand, not remembering that, if tended, it would remain burning when all other lights were quenched. How can he be got to think of it? As long as he thinks of it he will not put his trust in the other lights.

For we do not believe that when Catholic young men lose interest in their religion it is because they have taken to immorality or steeped themselves in infidel literature. Of course this may be the case. But it is usually more true to say that the immorality and infidelity, when they occur, are the consequence of a want of interest in religion. True, the young man needs protecting. But what he needs very much more is fortifying. And one way of fortifying him is to get him to cultivate a Catholic imagination. It is evident that one who has nourished his mind on the stores of Catholic literature will get quite a new view of his privileges and responsibilities. The routine of his business life will be illuminated by his Catholic ideals. It will become not merely the drab interstice between week-ends, but itself part of a stirring campaign. It will take on all the colours of a crusade. Viewed from without it may still appear humdrum, as the external life of the Curé of Ars might have appeared humdrum. But the slow-going waggon will be hitched to a star: it will swing along with the rhythm of the planets.

In particular it will be seen how wisely the old books made much of what they called "the duties of one's state of life." For

it must not be supposed that the possession of a Catholic imagination will send off our young men at a tangent from their professional occupations. On the contrary it will give a new value to their daily work and enable them to do it more efficiently. As a matter of fact one of the best ways in which Catholics may serve the Church is by attaining to distinction in their respective professions. For they hereby acquire definite functions in the social organism, and are in a position to exert moral influence in spheres where the mere amateur would be discredited. We must insist on this point, for fear lest our whole contention be misunderstood. We are not advocating mere viewiness or fussiness or irresponsible agitation. We have no desire to see a type of young man corresponding to that of which Dickens' Mrs. Jellaby is a familiar example,—the lady who neglected her household and her neighbours in order to provide remote savages with articles of dubious utility.

Nevertheless the quickened imagination which will lead Catholic young men to work strenuously at their professions, to cultivate a sense of moral responsibility in business life, to fulfil the duties of their state and to exercise neighbourly charity will also lead them to take part, according to opportunity, in Catholic social work, and particularly in social work on behalf of the poor. We may recall some striking words uttered by Cardinal Vaughan :

The influence of the Catholic laity may be exercised in many ways—through literature, science, art, and the professions. But in no way can they make their influence more effectively felt upon society in general than by direct and personal exertion to raise and save that great lower stratum of mankind, whose condition I have already referred to. I do not hesitate to place the regeneration of the poor above all other social needs. I do not hesitate to say that the *suscitans a terra inopem et de stercore erigens pauperem* is a godlike work that ennobles every Catholic who puts his hand to it.

Our fellow-Catholics, who have the first claim upon our service, are perishing soul and body by the thousand. The terrible leakage which, in spite of our steady stream of converts, keeps the total number of Catholics in this country from increasing, cannot be met by the priests alone. Economic and social considerations are so closely intertwined with religious that the co-operation of every Catholic is called for if we are to check the spiritual loss which is going on around us. We must help our destitute poor to live like human beings before we can

expect them to discharge their obligations as Catholics. And in this matter it is not money that is chiefly wanted but personal service. But our leakage is due to other causes besides extreme poverty and social isolation. There are positive influences at work which are sapping the faith of our people. Here is an extract from a letter recently circulated by Mr. Norman Potter.

Night after night, throughout the great cities of England, the Socialist, with a whole heart, is preaching his propaganda in workmen's clubs, from travelling vans at street-corners, in single rooms, in lecture-halls; day by day he is rousing the quiet villages and market-places of our country-side. Recently the Socialist agents have made nearly a thousand "converts" in the eastern counties alone, and have gained six hundred adherents in Norwich. If the red oratory achieves these results among our slow and placid country-folk, what chance has the underfed, alert, inflammable cockney of resisting preachers whose doctrines are seductive, and who, to do them justice, throw their lives into the cause. . . . The Socialist preaches in season and out of season, fired with the infectious conviction of a man believing himself to be possessed of a new gospel.

Nothing short of a counter-faith, he adds, will save us. "Where are our Catholic laity? What are they doing? We want men and women with ideals who . . . will come and make them realities."

Here again it is personal service that is called for. Our Catholic faith gives us a sure foundation, and ideals which are at once more noble, more practicable, and more stimulating to action than those of the Socialist creed. Yet how is it that we allow ourselves to be outstripped in zeal by those whose horizon is commonly limited to the material world? If the Socialist is winning adherents from our ranks, it is because we ourselves have failed to raise the banner of Catholic social reform—of a reform which would satisfy the needs of soul and body alike. It is simply deplorable that our young men will not realize the influence which they might wield in this critical struggle. The Church has given into their hands weapons which may well stand the test of time, since they have been forged in the armoury of God. Cannot they be persuaded to use them for the defence of the Church and the welfare of their country?

Too many of us seem obsessed by a kind of fatalism. We read of the general decay of faith, of the advances of materialism and anarchy, of the vilest social injustice, of the

acute misery of the poor—and the whole thing passes before our vision like a lurid romance. We are moved—but not to action. We speculate instead of deliberating. We forecast the future instead of influencing it. We are like men watching a thunder-storm rather than like men trying to extinguish a fire. Yet, apart from higher considerations, the game would be no less interesting were we to play it instead of watching it. And though there is a growing tendency to watch games instead of playing them, the Catholic Church should surely be able to put a team into the field. We confess to having little patience with those timid souls who are always dismayed at our lack of numbers: who think that we can do nothing because our resources are dwarfed by those of the Establishment, or our voting strength inferior to that of the Nonconformists. They regard our situation as resembling that of Mrs. Partington and her mop *versus* the Atlantic. It does not occur to them to regard it as resembling that of a few fishermen and their Gospel against the world. From the way in which some of us talk we might be a fantastic sect propelled by an erratic noblewoman, instead of being members of the Universal Church impelled by the Spirit of God. If a handful of Fabians can leave their mark on the thought of the country, a compact body of Catholics should be able to impress their principles on the large number of people who still prefer reform to revolution. We have a splendid opportunity, and our young men should be quick to seize it.

The English people is capable of recovery from the wounds made by sin and neglect, however deep-seated the disease: *fecit nationes sanabiles*. But to effect their conversion, in addition to prayer and preaching, they need to see Christ moving among the multitude, healing their infirmities, in the person not only of priests, but of Catholic men and women, like themselves bound by no official duty. . . . Then will the English people turn to them instinctively with respect, and bow down before the religion which has presented Christ to them in so admirable a social form.

These are not the words of an unpractical young enthusiast. They were spoken deliberately to a Catholic Conference by Cardinal Vaughan.

It is seldom very profitable to tell people that they *ought* to be interested in a particular cause. We may argue quite hotly on the matter without producing any result save a feeling of irritation in our hearers. The cause is but a word to them, and

the repeated word will get on their nerves. If our cause is the discovery of the north pole they will mentally consign the north pole to the tropics. If our cause is social reform, they will wish all social reformers at Jericho. The thing becomes a nuisance. They are honestly bored, and no amount of lecturing on their obligations will awaken in them an atom of interest.

Why, then, it may be asked, write articles on the subject? Because, although it is generally useless to tell men to be interested, it is quite possible to get them interested. It is fatuous to exhort them to be enthusiastic; but it is not difficult to make them enthusiastic. Enthusiasm is contagious, and young men easily catch it. Make the cause live for them and they will live for it. Put them where they may see for themselves; and then feel for the electric switch that will connect the current with their imagination.

We all know what it is to be intensely interested. Let us visit one of the old Cathedrals of England, say Canterbury. We follow round the venerable pile a party of tourists unaccompanied by a competent guide. They walk hither and thither, and stare, and *suppose* it is fine—some of them may even *feel* that it is fine: but their impressions are vague, and they carry little away. Up comes a scholar (we are thinking, for instance, of the late Father John Morris), who combines deep erudition on the subject with the power of conveying what he knows in a simple, picturesque, and easily intelligible form. Immediately every stone bristles with meaning. The group of tourists begin to live in the past. They enter into the mind of the mediæval architect. They realize his aims and his difficulties: they feel his successes and failures. They go on to find themselves in touch with the people who worshipped there. They trace the details of the tragedy of à Becket. They see the grim faces of the murderers, the flashes of their armour; they hear the tramp of their iron heels in the cloister, rudely breaking upon the song of the monks in choir. They see the blood of the martyr staining the altar steps as his body welters on the pavement. Then visions float before them of a king, bare-backed, receiving the lashes of penance, and the devout throngs flocking to the shrine of one who had fought out the battle between Church and State, and perished and triumphed in one and the same act. And as they listen and their minds are filled with what they hear, there is one spontaneous verdict drawn from people who never in their lives before realized it, that history is absorbingly interesting. History was interesting all the time, but they had never felt it before: and from that day they will feel a drawing towards history, and will find in it a pleasure and a hobby.¹

¹ *Fortifying the Layman.* By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. (Catholic Truth Society, price sixpence). This stimulating little book should be in the hands of all.

Instead, therefore, of insisting on the need of interest, let us consider what can be done to propagate it among Catholic young men who have left school.

Left school! Here is the difficulty. It is precisely during the school years that the seeds of interest in social work ought to be sown, as we pointed out in our last paper.¹ Yet something must be added here about the influence of a school; for that influence should not cease when a boy has gone into the world. The ties between a Catholic college and its old *alumni* should be very close. They are, in fact, often strengthened by the existence of Old Boys' Associations. Now these Associations would gain very considerably in usefulness and in solidarity were they to include among their aims the cultivation in their members of what may be called the social sense. They might, singly or in combination, help to support the new Catholic settlement. They might provide their respective schools with literature, and offer prizes for debates and essays on social subjects, and send down an occasional lecturer. They might do much to bring our schools into touch with social effort, and help the school authorities to counteract the bookishness and unreality which is apt to beset our studies. Above all, members of such Associations might follow up boys who have just left school, and initiate them into various forms of social work. Few young men will make the plunge for themselves. They are not likely to pay a spontaneous visit to a settlement, or a social institute, or a boys' club. But if an old schoolfellow will carry them off there, they may go again on their own account.

We lay great stress on this work of initiating Catholic young men into social service. It is easily done and may have most excellent results. The subject itself is interesting, and the boys are ready to be interested. There is plenty of gunpowder about: it needs but the spark. An evening at Mr. Norman Potter's club at Bermondsey or some similar institution, may do the business. And of course the initiation may be performed by others besides old schoolfellows. Priests, in particular, have often won valuable recruits, by piloting a young fellow down the slums, or bringing him into a club, or lending him a book, or giving him a few striking figures. The "pater," too, might give the matter his consideration. Besides meeting his boys at the bridge table, or in the motor, or in the office, he might find other points of contact, and help to give them an interest in work which will colour their life.

¹ THE MONTH, September, 1908, p. 242.

And we might push a few books about. Sometimes they will remain uncut. But sometimes, too, they will switch on the current. There are quite a number of volumes across which we always feel tempted to write TOLLE LEGE, for we have known specific cases in which they have created a demand for more. We may mention Mr. Masterman's *The Heart of the Empire*, Mrs. Crawford's *Ideals of Charity*, May Quinlan's *My Brother's Keeper*, Jack London's *People of the Abyss*, Father Cuthbert's *Catholic Ideals in Social Life*, Richard Whiteing's *Number 5 John Street*, and also such publications of the Catholic Truth Society as *Social Work for Catholic Layfolk*, *Social Questions and the Duty of Catholics* (C. S. Devas), and Father Hull's *Fortifying the Layman*, already referred to. We may profitably search our consciences and our libraries, and ask in what proportion such books as we have just mentioned stand to our accumulation of novels and cheap magazines.

We may capture the imagination of a young Catholic by giving him a sight of the poor or lending him a stimulating book about the condition in which they live. But we may also deliver our assault from the other side. We may start, not from rags, but from Blue-books. Where the sight of slums might produce a feeling of hopeless resignation or even repulsion, the sight of a scientific endeavour to improve the slums may enlist hopeful co-operation. A committee meeting may excite where an alley would depress.

It may be objected that charity organization is uninspiring, and that it is better to begin with the picturesque. A young man has no stomach for Blue-books. He would find a social bureau a bore and a committee meeting intolerable. But this is not the case, provided we make a wise approach. Take him, for instance, to the offices of the *British Institute of Social Service*, at 11, Southampton Row. He will look in vain for rags. There is not even an orphan on show! Instead of this he will find typewriters clicking and secretaries working and small boys carrying books, and well-dressed people reading them. He will find the courteous Secretary, Mr. F. J. Matheson, up to the eyes in work, but ever willing to advise and suggest and explain. He will discover that he is in a great clearing-house of social information, and that thousands of people who want to help in making England less like a human shamble and more like a civilized country come here for advice and direction. And if he is apprehensive about the unsectarian

character of the *Institute*, we may remind him that the Archbishop of Westminster is a Vice-President, and that a number of Catholics co-operate with it.

The sight may be a little puzzling at first if he is not alive to the importance of method in social service. But he may easily be brought to see how his own professional work touches the business which is being transacted in Southampton Row at many points. Show him this and he will at once become excited. As a Catholic he will be more excited than if he had no ideals beyond "barley feeding and material ease." He will prize sound methods all the more highly because he sees his Lord in the poor. With the value of method, training, and co-operation in charitable and social work we are not now concerned. Something will be said about it in a subsequent paper. We are only concerned to show that young men may be roused to social action by visiting a bureau as well as by visiting a slum.

But in one way or another we must contrive to get hold of our young men. The appeal must be personal and individual. It must be made with tact. We shall meet, of course, with objections, and must be prepared for them. This will be all the easier because they are few in number and admit of a ready answer. We may, in conclusion, consider two or three of them more or less in the form in which they are usually presented.

The first objection sounds really convincing. "Yes, it's an excellent work. We *are* losing our poor, I'm told, to a terrible extent. Most of the boys leave us when they quit our poor schools. But of course *I* can do nothing. I'm at work all day in the city, and come home fagged, and my week-ends are always filled up. But I don't mind giving you a small subscription."

To which it may be answered: "My dear fellow, have you ever noticed that the few Catholic young men who *are* at present doing a great deal of valuable social work have, as a rule, quite as much professional business to do as you have, and sometimes considerably more? But they manage to make time somehow, and their business doesn't suffer. On the contrary, they seem all the more keen on it, and make it succeed. And there are so many kinds of social work waiting to be done that I am sure I can find you an interesting and useful job that would fit in nicely with your business hours. Anyhow, give it a chance."

The second objection is merely stupid. But it is also very

common. "I'm afraid I'm awfully hard up. I need every penny I can make. Perhaps I may be able to help later on."

The answer is obvious. "I don't want your money. I want *you*. If I can get you, I can get such money as is required from someone else. I want you to hew wood and draw water,—not to draw cheques." Materials for a still more convincing answer will be found in the following passage from Mrs. Crawford's admirable book already referred to:

There are still some among us who think that if they subscribe to a fair number of charities, nothing further should be expected of them, and I cannot but think that a certain class of charity sermon is largely responsible for this inadequate view. How often are we not told from the pulpit that if we cannot give personal help we can always give money, that all we are asked to do is to write a cheque, and so on. However true it may be in the individual case it is certainly not true in its general application, . . . and students of the *Graves de Communi* Encyclical will find in it no warrant for such a theory. The idea that we can contract out of our social and human obligations by money payments, large or small, is at the root not only of much misplaced charity and wasteful expenditure, but of the false relationship between rich and poor that frequently prevails. Individual thought and devotion are needed far more than money—are, indeed, in the long run, the only things that will avail. It is a mere commonplace of philanthropic experience that the most successful ventures are not those founded and endowed with large sums and started with every material advantage, but rather those that have begun in a very small way, and have struggled upwards through poverty and discouragement, thanks to the self-sacrificing labours of one or two. And yet we all talk at times as if money were the one thing needful.

The third objection is perhaps the most common of all. "Well, I might find the *time*, as far as that goes, but, you see, that sort of thing is not in my line. I should feel awfully out of it talking to the kids at the club or going among the hop-pickers. It isn't as if I could *do* anything. I should be quite useless, really!"

"Do you know young X. Y. Z?"

"Yes, he was in my class at school. Decent fellow."

"Not a genius?"

"No, I think we kept pretty well together at the bottom of the list."

"Well, he writes to me to say that he goes once a week to a Catholic boys' club in his town. When I first asked him to try it, he funk'd it like anything. Now he tells me what an ass he

must have been to hang back, for the work is 'simply rip.' He has made tremendous friends with the boys and teaches them gym. He says they are much more interesting than the people he meets at home!"

"Perhaps so. But I'm no good at gym."

"Well you can vamp on the piano and play the banjo and sing a good song. Besides you might add to these useful accomplishments. It's not difficult to pick up wood-carving. And if the worst comes to the worst you can play draughts or tiddliwinks. Why I once kept a dozen French street-arabs going for two hours one evening in Paris by teaching them snap. And anyhow you can talk."

And finally we sometimes have to allay the scruples of those who feel that to take part in work of this kind would be to trespass on the province of the priest. Such as these may be deluged with proof positive to the contrary.¹ We will allow ourselves to conclude with one quotation, and it shall be from Cardinal Vaughan.

The principle of the active participation of the laity in the solicitude and work of the clergy is fully recognized in fact. . . .

[Work among the poor] is work for the laity—they cannot do it vicariously through Priests and Sisters. There is a work of personal service that they must perform themselves. It is as necessary for the right formation of their own Christian character as it is beneficial to their poorer brethren. . . . It has been whispered that the laity are not sufficiently employed in the work of the Church. Would to God that more among them stepped forward to throw themselves into the great Christian work of regenerating the masses in overcrowded centres of population! This work of fraternal charity is to their hand. The Church invites, nay presses them into her service. Let them gird themselves and put their back into the work. The chivalry of personal service to Christ in His poor is open to them.

P.

¹ *Vide* Leo XIII, *passim*.

Tyburn.

THE name of Tyburn, though not one of the most respected, is certainly one of the most noted in England and in English History. But its fame has suffered much during the century that has just passed. With the rapid extension of London westwards, a transformation scene took place at its site. The favourite haunt of the most debased roughs suddenly became the very centre of fashion and culture. No trace was left of the gallows, its name was erased from the streets, indeed, its precise site was soon forgotten. People could hardly believe that earth, which was daily spurned by hundreds of thousands of passers-by, could really be of quite unusual interest.

But the spot has at last found a writer to feel its pathos and to tell its story. Mr. Alfred Marks¹ has given us a volume, which is morally sure to awaken interest in the place, and to arouse sympathy with the almost incredibly long list of victims who have suffered there. Most, of course, were criminals, and some of these deserved all that they got. But it is also clear that the number of those guilty of very venial offences, and of those entirely innocent, was also very great; and not a few were heroes, who died for patriotic and religious motives of the loftiest kind. For the moment, however, let us pause to think over the huge total. Mr. Marks assures us, on grounds that seem very reasonable, that the total number of lives which have been sacrificed on this spot cannot have been less than 50,000. If the reader will allow me, I propose to conduct him to the scene of all this slaughter, and there to review some traits of its history.

Let us start from Oxford Circus, and as we set forth we may notice that we are going down a very very gentle incline. Nowadays the gradient is best marked by the tall electric-light standards. Their white globes are seen to be gradually sinking

¹ *Tyburn Tree, its History and Annals.* By Alfred Marks. Brown, Langham, and Co. 1908, pp. 292. With sixteen illustrations.

for some five or six hundred yards, then they rise again as gradually, till they vanish from the eye with the slight curve at the Marble Arch. In the evening, when the lamps are all aglow, and the long line of lights first falls, then rises, then slowly diminishes and disappears, the view is extremely pretty; but for the moment I only draw attention to the fall and rise. The lowest point, which is just beyond the *Times Book Club*, was the place where Tyburn Brook once crossed the highway. Tyburn (unless the name be a corruption of some other word), of course means "the brook Ty," and it immediately suggests comparison with Holborn ("the brook in the hollow"), Westbourne ("the brook in the west"), and Kilburn (perhaps "the brook by the cell or church"). Nevertheless, the matter is not altogether free from difficulty, as these words are all in fact used for *places*, and Tyburn was so used even at the time of the Domesday survey, which mentions the Manor of Tyburn. Whatever historians may with time ascertain about this subject,¹ we at all events see that the name of the gallows was not immediately derived from the stream, as some have erroneously thought; and there is no need to look out for the bed of a water-course in the immediate neighbourhood of the "triple-tree."

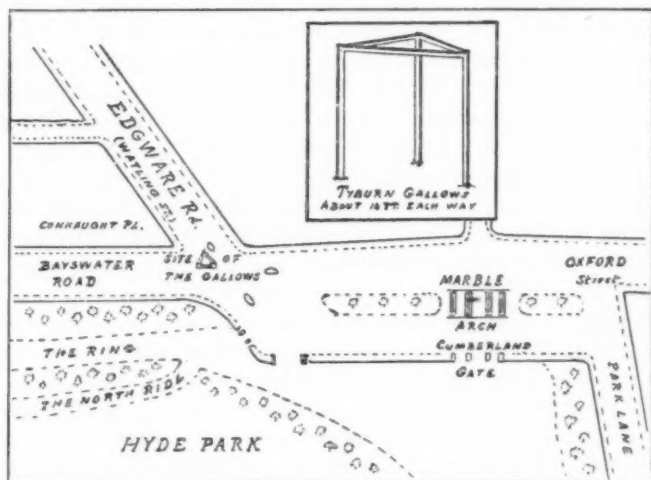
But now we are close to the *Book Club*, and if you find it difficult to believe, as I dare say you will, that a brook once ran across the road here, let us turn to the left a little higher up at Davies Street. Here you notice at once a considerable fall in the level of the road, and to the left South Molton Street branching off, not at right angles, as all the other streets do in this neighbourhood, but at an angle of about sixty degrees. Immediately behind South Molton Street comes a narrow passage, South Molton Lane, with the backs of the houses on both sides coming up to the road. One might have expected to find there a mews, but this lane is quite *sui generis*. It is also at the lowest level hereabouts. In fine, if you consult maps older than the year 1750 you will find that what is now a lane, was then the open bed of the Tyburn Brook, which had come meandering down from Highgate on its way across "Brook" Street to the marshes, which are now drained, and form St. James's Park with its not altogether artificial lake.

If one wants to make an exploring expedition on lines practi-

¹ The available evidence was ably discussed in *Notes and Queries*, N.S., vii., 121, 210, &c.

cally quite unknown even to the veteran *habitué* of Mayfair and the West End, one has but to follow this bed of the stream, both up and down, and to make use of the old maps of which we shall hear more later on. Anyway, one has here in Davies Street ocular demonstration that Tyburn Brook once cut diagonally across Oxford Street from the north-west, at a level a good deal below the present road.

Now to resume our way. This part of the road, which we call Oxford Street, was once called Tyburn Road, and Park Lane was Tyburn Lane. Having passed this lane and



Sketch-map of the site of Tyburn.

the Marble Arch, we arrive at the junction of Edgware Road, and now we are standing immediately in front of the place where once the gallows used to stand for so many centuries. But, as we have indicated higher up, whilst all are agreed that the locality of the scaffold was somewhere about the junction of the roads, there has been some difference as to the precise spot, and as the matter is one of great interest, it will be worth our while to go into the proofs.

The most convincing arguments by far are those derived from the old maps of London. One difficulty we must at once confess to. None of the most ancient sixteenth century maps of London reach as far as this place, which lies three miles or so from the limits of London properly so called. So, too,

in the seventeenth century, though London was rapidly spreading westwards, it is mortifying to find that map after map of the town comes as far as Hyde Park Corner only, and there stops. Tyburn gallows is, however, marked on a map of the County of Middlesex, engraved by Norden, first published in Camden's *Britannia* in 1608, and now reproduced by Mr. Marks, but on a scale far too small to decide the points at issue.

By the eighteenth century, the importance of this neighbourhood had so far increased, that the Wardens of St. George's, Hanover Square, had a large map drawn up for their use. It was "surveyed in the year of our Lord 1725, by John Mackay, mathematician, of St. James's, Westminster," and it is still extant. The parish authorities are now merged into the Westminster City Council, and they have carried this heirloom down to their Free Library which faces Victoria Station. Here, at the time of my visit, it stood in the head-librarian's room. An equally large and much clearer copy of the map, made some seventy-five years later, hangs over the staircase, and should be consulted together with the older map, for the dirty fingers of the worthy Wardens were so often pushed over the course of the various lanes and roads, that they have obscured many of the lines. Our modern Councillors have gone to the opposite extreme, and have covered the whole map with thick plate glass. Between excessive carelessness and excessive care, the plan of the road at Tyburn is to me indecipherable. The later copies,¹ however, decide the matter quite definitely. The gallows is drawn clearly on the spot marked in our sketch map.

The map to be mentioned next is that of John Roque, of which the first edition appeared during the years 1741 to 1745. It is an extremely interesting map, full of names, and very accurately drawn, on the scale, I take it, of nine inches to the mile, and it is well known as one of the most valuable sources for the topography of London. Here again we see (in sheet xi.) the triangle standing in the fork of the road, and this time the grand stands are also delineated at the two corners. When an

¹ This map was copied in 1802, and it was reduced and lithographed in 1880. Unfortunately several of the original names were modernized during these revisions. Oxford Street, for instance, appeared in the original map as Worcester Road. Upon the whole, however, so far as my collation has gone, the delineation, &c., is reliable. Mr. Marks, p. 68, also refers to copies in *The Builder*, July 6, 1901, and *Daily Graphic*, March 11, 1908. He also refers to a map by Seale, of 1756, which supports the conclusions of the text.

important execution took place, these were filled with eager spectators, who also occupied all the open spaces about.

Roque's second edition appeared in 1761, and by that time a great change had taken place. The permanent tripod gallows had gone, and in its place stood a turnpike gate and bars running right across the road. In the earlier maps the turnpike is shown barring the road a little nearer the city, that is, at the point where Oxford Street meets Park Lane. Mr. Marks has not succeeded in finding any record of the reason for the removal of the gallows, but no one doubts that it was due to the approach of fashionable houses. Nor, again, has he discovered the precise date of the demolition. But criminals were executed as usual up to the 18th of June, 1759, whereas, after the next gaol delivery in October, four malefactors were carried at half-past nine in the morning "to the new Moving Gallows at Tyburn. The Gallows, after the bodies were cut down, was carried off in a cart."

These "Moving Gallows" were afterwards erected temporarily a little higher up Edgware Road, and not always in exactly the same spot. In 1783, the place was finally abandoned by the hangman, who after that made his popular appearances in front of Newgate Gaol, until public executions were finally abolished in 1867. It was probably these migrations which have caused the uncertainty as to the exact site of the gallows, an uncertainty which, until quite recently, was rather widespread. There were the traditions of those who had actually seen as children the last executions at Tyburn. But they do not seem to have known that the gallows was not only moveable, but had by then actually been moved. Again, in the year 1860, during some rebuilding in Connaught Place, considerable numbers of human bones were discovered, and this led some to the conclusion that the gallows had stood in that street. Another source of error was a clause in the lease granted by the Bishop of London for No. 49 Connaught Square, which was alleged to have stated that the house "was built on the spot where the celebrated gallows once stood."¹ The precise words of the deed, however, are never quoted, and it may be that with our present knowledge we might find them in accord with what is otherwise known. But in any case the lease would be comparatively modern, and could not outweigh the earlier

¹ Cunningham, *Handbook of London*, quoted in *N.V. and Q.Q.* i. 180, 181. Nowadays the highest number in Connaught Square is 47.

authorities already cited. There is also other evidence that might, if necessary, be called. But we have said enough to show that there is no possible doubt as to the fact that the gallows stood in the crossway, and that there is also a not unsatisfactory explanation of the variations into which some older authors have fallen. Let us now turn to the consideration of what has taken place here in the course of our history.

In the census lately made of London traffic, it was found that more vehicles passed this point than any other in London. Though there were streets with more traffic than Oxford Street, they were not crossed by any one line so much frequented both day and night as Edgware Road and Park Lane, for there is little city traffic at night. In ancient times, of course, people did not pass, as they now do, in the tens and hundreds of thousands, but the cross-roads have always been of importance. The lines of the communication were laid down by the Romans centuries ago, and Park Lane has been more frequented as a through route than we may perhaps suspect now, when heavy traffic is so largely carried by railroads. It led down to royal Westminster and to the horse-ferry over the Thames, perhaps the first important passage over the river above London Bridge. But, when once we have recognized that two much used highways crossed at this spot, lying at a moderate distance from London, we may also at once conclude that this would always have been just the sort of place which our ancestors would have preferred as a place of execution.

When Tyburn was first selected for that purpose, we shall perhaps never know for certain. It used to be thought that the first execution here was that of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, in 1330. But FitzOsborn, surnamed "Longbeard," certainly suffered here in 1196,¹ and there seems no reason to doubt Mr. Marks' conclusion that this was from about the year 1100 (the beginning of the reign of King Henry I.) the usual place for exacting the death penalty when ordered by the authority of the Crown. Smithfield, which has sometimes been thought more ancient, was under the jurisdiction of the City of London, and in old times no doubt saw many a hanging. But Mr. Marks contends that, broadly speaking, sentences passed in the King's courts were never executed there.

¹ The high authority of John Stowe, who mistakenly referred this execution to Smithfield, has been the unfortunate cause of the popular error as to the antiquity of our place of execution.

That the death-roll grew to be a very, very long one in the course of nearly seven centuries goes without the saying. A more difficult problem is to arrive at some reasonable conjecture of the number who actually suffered. Mr. Marks' conclusion is that 50,000 is a moderate estimate. The reckoning is, to be sure, by no means final, and in some details his process seems to be somewhat hazardous. As yet, in fact, we have only the returns of Kings James I. and Charles I., edited in a form available for statistics,¹ and these figures are multiplied or divided according to somewhat arbitrary formulas in order to obtain the totals of other reigns. Still, looking at the matter all round, the conclusion seems to be as good a one as we are likely to arrive at for the present.

Very much more difficult still would it be to guess at the proportion of just to unjust sentences. The impression made by a few such cruelties as that exercised on Mary Jones² is so deep as to prejudice us altogether against the administration of law in those days. Beyond a doubt, the prevalence of sentences that exceeded the bounds of justice and equity, even as understood at that day, was far greater then than now. Mr. Marks aptly quotes Dryden's powerful lines :

ON TYBURN.

Oh Tyburn ! could'st thou reason and dispute,
 Could'st thou but judge as well as execute,
 How often would'st thou change the Felon's Doom,
 And truss some stern Chief-Justice in his room !

Then should thy sturdy posts support the Laws,
 No promise, Frown, nor popular Applause
 Should sway the Bench to favour a bad cause ;
 Nor scarlet gown, swell'd with poetick Fury,
 Scare a false Verdict from a trembling Jury.
 Justice, with steady hand and even scales,
 Should stand upright, as if sustained by Hales,
 Yet still, in matters doubtful to decide,
 A little bearing towards the milder side.

DRYDEN, *Miscell. Poems*, 1727, v. 126 (Marks, p. 74).

Yet so far as these Annals go, it is not the "stern Chief-Justice" who is so much at fault. He is rarely, if indeed ever, guilty of deliberate judicial murder. The offenders are the law-givers, who, having made statutes which are publicly acknow-

¹ We commend to Mr. Marks a study of the little used *Controlment Rolls* at the Record Office. They contain, for the reign of Elizabeth at least, a "control" list of the sentences passed in the Sessions for the City of London and the County of Middlesex.

² P. 256.

ledged to be too severe, nevertheless leave them permanently in force and unchanged.

A difficult, but not quite so desperate a task would be to prepare a list of the chief political sufferers at Tyburn. It would include many noble names, William Wallace, and his brother John, Lord Menteith, and a number of Scottish and Welsh patriots, at various times from the days of King Edward I. Of Irish too there must also have been many. Though it must always be remembered that political offenders of high rank would, in ordinary course, have been beheaded on Tower Hill. Of Jacobites Mr. Marks records two batches of victims, but of the adherents of Mary Stuart, of Cavaliers, and the adherents of Monmouth he says nothing though there is assuredly a good deal to say. The corpses of Cromwell and the other regicides were here hanged for a day, and were then buried under the scaffold.

Of all the sufferers the noblest beyond any comparison, are our Catholic martyrs, and of these the most notable group were the trio who suffered on the 1st of December, 1581. It would be impossible to imagine more brilliant representatives of the Society of Jesus, and of the Venerable Colleges for the Secular Clergy at Rheims and Rome, than Campion, Sherwin and Briant. But no comparison is intended, or should be attempted. Prior Houghton and his Carthusian companions, the sweet poet, Father Southwell, and scores of others might be named, whose passions even if they stood alone, would have sufficed to endear the place to every Catholic heart.

It is hard to pick out characteristics, amid so much variety of memorable heroism. We may roughly divide the Tyburn martyrs into four groups. Those under Henry VIII. were marked by wonderful faith, patience, and prayerfulness. Never did the fall of the Church seem so entire and complete as it must have done to Houghton and Reynolds, to Larke and Gardiner. It appeared as though all friends had fallen away, as if there were absolutely no means of resisting tyranny, no hope at all for the future. Yet these men held on to faith and duty, silently, prayerfully, undismayed.

Under Elizabeth there was already the pledge of eventual success. Campion and his companions never doubted of the eventual victory. "We (Jesuits)," he wrote with splendid courage to Elizabeth's Council, "will never despair of your recovery, while we have a man to enjoy your Tyburn, or to be

racked by your torments. The enterprise is begun, it is of God, it cannot be withstood." But the combat was far more severe than before. An insidious, all-pervading persecution must now be recognized as a matter of every-day life. The strain was almost insupportable, and we know that Campion had sore attacks of desolation, when things seemed to be going wrong. But his magnanimity eventually triumphed in every conflict, at Tyburn not less signally than at Westminster Hall and in the Tower.

Under King James, the characteristic perhaps is joy that the victory is assured. The Venerable Thomas Garnet cried aloud, "I am the happiest man this day alive. Look on me! I am the happiest man this day alive. In my conceit this is the happiest day that ever I did see! I protest that I speak the truth from my heart." Similar words might be quoted from the Benedictine martyrs, who come so conspicuously to the front in this reign. These men had been brought up from childhood to strive in a warfare, in which serious conflicts were of daily occurrence. Though the death struggle was the hardest tussle of all, the confidence gained in a life of victorious effort was not to be shaken by the grim apparatus of ropes and knives, of fire and cauldron. Their firm hearts were not daunted by the cry of the angry multitude, any more than they had been by the prison bars, or the judge's sentence.

The last victims who suffered under the Parliament and the popular frenzy excited by Oates, recall the patience of those who died under King Henry. Their last speeches, especially in Oates' time, are long appeals to the people to forget their fury, to listen to reason, to remember the judgment of God, which would one day revise theirs.

So effective have been these martyrdoms, that they have produced one rather unexpected result. Most people conceive their numbers to have been higher than in fact they were. Taking our *Beati* and Venerables together, we find that in truth there are ninety-one martyrs at Tyburn, whose claim to that title is authoritatively acknowledged. If we reckon in other sufferers, whose claim to be accounted martyrs is not yet acknowledged, because liable to this or that exception (as, for instance, the companions of the Maid of Kent), we shall pass the century, but we shall not, in any case, arrive at the hundreds (in the plural number) of martyrs, of whom some writers have loosely spoken.

As nearly all priests who died at Tyburn were executed under the same law, that of 27 Elizabeth, which made it high treason for them to be in England, there is naturally a good deal of similarity about the procedure at their executions, which was often recorded in minute detail by friends who were present. For the present, it will be sufficient for me to refer the reader for these dread details to works in common use, in which they will be found indexed or otherwise explained.¹

A word may be added here on the shape of the Gallows (see sketch). Some old small-scale maps of Middlesex represent it by a II, and so do some old prints of martyrs. This, however, is merely a conventional sign, and is used, not as a picture of Tyburn Gallows, but to represent "a gallows," and the same sign might be placed for any gallows, just as the same mark for "Town" would be placed for any town. Mr. Marks gives many pictures of "The Triple Tree," but he misses the earliest, which is that in the English College pictures of the English Martyrs, by Circiniani, engraved by Cavalieri in the *Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Trophæa*, 1584, and reproduced by Father John Morris in 1887. This earliest picture of Tyburn tree is the more remarkable, in that it is itself a correction of the II form, given in the cuts to the *De Persecutione* and in Allen's *Martyrdom of Edmund Campion*.² It is also the prototype of Verstegan's picture in his *Theatrum Crudelitatis*, 1592.

I will conclude with some allusions to the profound respect in which the site of Tyburn has ever been held by Catholics. The first example of this, I think, was given by Campion himself, who in spite of the danger of being observed, always passed bareheaded under the gallows when he rode this way. This was the more remarkable, as then so few priests had suffered there.

After Campion's death the place of course became still more venerable in the eyes of Catholics. Gregory Gunnes, an old Marian priest, was arrested and accused of having said that "the day would come, and he hoped to see it, when a religious house would be built for an offering, on the place where Campion suffered."³

¹ Pollen, *Acts of English Martyrs*; Catholic Record Society, vol. v. *Introd.*; Allen, *Martyrdom of Father Campion*; and Bede Camm, *Lives of English Martyrs*, vol. ii. *Introd.* and *Index*.

² In my edition of this book, p. 123, I had not found the edition of the *De Persecutione*, in which the cut appears. Mr. G. F. Engelbach has kindly pointed out to me that it occurs in the Roman Edition of 1582.

³ Simpson, *Campion*, p. 331. A slightly different version is quoted in Dom Bede Camm's charming *Birthday Book of the English Martyrs* (Dec. 21).

Another early testimony is that of Father Persons in his "Ideal," or as he styled it, his *Memorial for the Reformation of England*, written in 1596. Father Persons, with his usual largeness of mind, draws out his plans on a generous and complete scale, including the canonization of the Martyrs, and shrines to them in many places.

When time shall serve, to procure of the See Apostolick that due honour may be done to our Martyrs, and that Churches, Chapels, and other memories be built in the places where they suffered and namely at Tyburn, when perhaps some Religious House of the third Order of *St. Francis*, called *Capuchins*, or some other such, of Edification and Example for the People, should be erected, as a near Pilgrimage or place of devotion, for the City of London and others to repair unto.¹

In 1624 it was reported that Catholics had made a pilgrimage to Tyburn on Good Friday, and in 1626 it was rumoured, again by Protestants, that Queen Henrietta Maria herself had been to pray there. These Protestant rumours are of course unworthy of credence as they stand. All that they really prove is that respect was shown to the spot by Catholics, and that this vexed the Puritan bigots.²

The commencement of Tyburn Convent, in the last few years, at No. 6, Hyde Park Place, may be taken as the first steps to realize a wish, which, as we see above, has been near to the hearts of Catholics for centuries. Let us hope that we may live to see it grow into a monument fully worthy of the name and fame of Tyburn.

J. H. POLLEN.

¹ *Memorial for the Reformation of England*. Edit. Gee, 1690, pp. 97, 98.

² The alleged visit of Henrietta Maria to Tyburn has never been properly investigated. Gairdner, followed here by Mr. Marks, attributes far too much value to the allegations of the Puritans. The Commissioner, Bassompierre, sent over to inquire by the French, was in the best position for learning the truth, and he denies that the Queen went near the spot at all (*Memoirs of François Marshal Bassompierre*, 1819). There exists a fine print of this supposed visit of Henrietta to Tyburn. It has been also reproduced on a smaller scale; the only copy of the original, which I have seen, is at Stonyhurst.

*Dr. Gairdner on Lollardy and the Reformation.*¹

THE great work which the octogenarian historian, Dr. James Gairdner, has just published on the genesis and early development of the Reformation in England must remain for many a long day the primary authority on the subject. Fully equipped as it is with numberless abstracts and quotations of documents, one almost doubts whether one should class it among the sources of history or among books of general reference. It represents the conclusions reached in a lifetime of more than average length and of far more than average industry, and it is of course the writer's intimate first-hand acquaintance with almost all the materials used by him which gives his work its unique value. It is now 62 years, sixty-two—one feels that one must write it in full letters lest the reader should suspect a misprint—since Dr. Gairdner became a clerk in the Record Office and first made acquaintance with those original documents which have occupied his attention ever since. Yet no one who glances at him as he may be seen almost any day writing steadily in the reading-room of the British Museum, or briskly moving from bookshelf to bookshelf when he sets to work to verify a reference, can fail to hope that he has years of activity still before him, and that God will yet give him health to carry out that continuation of the present work into the reign of Elizabeth, of which he speaks almost eagerly in his Preface.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about Dr. Gairdner's literary career is his concentration upon one particular period—precisely the period covered in the two volumes before us. It is just fifty years since there appeared in the Rolls Series his first officially published work, the *Memorials of Henry the Seventh*, closely followed by the two important volumes of the *Letters and Papers illustrative of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII.* Since then Dr. Gairdner has

¹ *Lollardy and the Reformation in England—An Historical Survey.* By James Gairdner, C.B., LL.D. Two vols. London: Macmillan and Co. 1908.

edited sundry fifteenth century chronicles, as well as the Paston Letters and various other minor fifteenth century studies, all which must have admirably prepared the ground for the great undertaking which has occupied the best years of his life, the calendaring of the Letters and Papers of the reign of Henry VIII. One feels that an editor of such experience must know those two centuries, and more especially the central fifty years, almost as if he had lived in them. We do not expect from such a one, and, needless to say, we do not find in Dr. Gairdner, hasty generalizations, startling hypotheses, or brilliant invectives. There is, it seems to us, in these volumes a reposeful contrast to the work of those meteoric young college lecturers and tutors who, in spite of the claims of their scores of pupils, find time to write half a dozen books in as many years—on Pericles and on the Stuarts, on Wyclif and on Garibaldi, on Mediæval Warfare and on the Origins of Christianity. These books are sometimes epigrammatic, sometimes dull, but they are nearly always very positive in their views and very devoted to the newest theories, while professing, of course, to be based on a complete study of the evidence. This sort of historical harlequinade, fostered by the struggle for life among modern publishers, is not at all the kind of thing to which Dr. Gairdner is likely to lend himself. The type of mind which is evolved out of the patient calendaring of miscellaneous documents seems to us to be very different in tone, and of far higher value. There is at least no question here of dipping into an unpublished document or two, just to be able to claim the distinction of working from manuscript sources, or in order to find confirmation of a preconceived theory. As document after document passes under the notice of the calendarer, State papers and private letters, cipher despatches, reports, petitions, complaints, bills, musters of troops and conveyances of property, documents dealing with all orders of the population from the highest to the lowest, it seems safe to assert that certain conclusions and generalizations by a process of unconscious cerebration gradually take shape where all at first seemed chaos. What is more, we are convinced that, given a fairly impartial judgment, and as a rule those who have as a matter of professional duty to read steadily through a mass of documents, set about their task without formed conclusions, the impressions which finally emerge are of a most reliable kind. The student

indeed, may often find it difficult to explain and justify those impressions by an appeal to definite evidence, but yet his instinct is sure. We shall be foolish to reject his testimony because we can perhaps pick holes in his logic.

It is not our purpose in the few pages which follow to write a review of Dr. Gairdner's great work in the sense of appraising the value of its different parts, nor again do we intend to give a summary of its contents. The former task could only be essayed by one who claimed a much more minute acquaintance with the evidence than we are conscious of possessing; the second would need more space than can be afforded here. But we think that our readers will be grateful to us for picking out from this mass of materials—there are some eleven hundred pages in all—a few of those conclusions which the author does not hesitate to set down as the results of his life-long study of the period, conclusions which agree well with the positions long since defended by such Catholic historians as Lingard and Abbot Gasquet, and sometimes running counter to the views commonly received among both the High Church and the Low Church sections of the Anglican Establishment.

Of these more momentous pronouncements there is perhaps none which is more striking, or which more nearly summarizes the main lesson to be learnt from the work as a whole, than Dr. Gairdner's statement on the first page, that he does not agree with the view that the Reformation was "a great national revolution which found expression in the resolute assertion of England of its national independence." Despite the high authority of the late Bishop Creighton, from whom these words are quoted,¹ Dr. Gairdner finds himself, to his great regret, unable to agree with this "able, conscientious, and learned historian." Like the late Professor Maitland, our author finds no evidence to support the view, which Bishop Creighton enunciates a little further on in the same lecture, that "there never was a time in England when the Papal authority was not resented," or that "the final act of the repudiations of that authority followed quite naturally as the result of a long series of similar acts which had taken place from the earliest times." Dr. Gairdner is satisfied from his exhaustive study of the fifteenth century during the past sixty years, that there was nothing like a general dislike of Roman jurisdiction in Church matters before that jurisdiction was abolished by Parliament to

¹ *Historical Lectures and Addresses*, p. 150.

please Henry VIII. Neither, he thinks, did the nation before that date believe that it would be more independent if the Pope's jurisdiction were replaced by that of the King. It is certainly interesting to note the absolute unanimity of view upon this point of two men so widely different in most respects as Dr. Gairdner and the late Professor Maitland, the former a Record Office official and a Churchman, the other a jurist, an University professor, and a religious agnostic.¹ Dr. Gairdner expresses himself on this point in terms which are quite unmistakable. As in the following passage for example:

That Rome exercised her spiritual power by the willing obedience of Englishmen in general, and that they regarded it as a really wholesome power even for the control it exercised over secular tyranny is a fact which it requires no very intimate knowledge of early English literature to bring home to us. Who was "the holy blissful martyr," whom Chaucer's pilgrims went to seek at Canterbury? One who had resisted his sovereign in the attempt to interfere with the claims of the Papal Church. For that cause and no other, he had died, and for that cause and no other, the pilgrims who went to visit his tomb regarded him as a saint. It was only after an able and despotic king had proved himself stronger than the spiritual power of Rome, that the people of England were divorced from their Roman allegiance; and there is abundant evidence that they were divorced from it at first against their will.

What then was the true nature of that struggle between Papal and secular authority which Bishop Creighton would have us regard as a struggle for national independence. . . . We may say simply in a general way that it was essentially the same as it was in the days of Becket. It was a contest not of the English people, but of the King and his Government, with Rome. . . . As regards national feeling, the people evidently regarded the cause of the Church as the cause of liberty. That their freedom suffered grievously by the abolition of the Papal jurisdiction under Henry VIII. there can be no manner of doubt.²

Dr. Gairdner does not in any way weaken but rather strengthen the effect of such pronouncements by the evidently patient attention he has paid to the evidence adduced by the other side. Indeed the whole of the history of the manifestation of that Lollardy which gives its name to his book, and

¹ "The assumption will be readily made that anyone who writes about those matters of which I have here written is an advocate of one of two Churches, the English or the Roman. Therefore it may be expedient for me to say that I am a dissenter from both, and from other Churches." (Maitland, *Roman Canon Law in the Church of England*, Preface, p. vi.)

² *Lollardy*, i. pp. 5, 6.

which he traces with a conscientiousness which some may find wearisome through 284 pages of his first volume, brings him precisely to the conclusion that throughout the latter part of the fifteenth century Lollardy as a force was dying and all but dead. Neither does our author seem to have derived a very favourable impression of the Wycliffite teaching as a whole, or of the practical results of its tenets upon the conduct of those who held them. No one who patiently follows his detailed account of the career of Sir John Oldcastle, "that most valiant and worthy martyr of Christ," as Foxe calls him, will be tempted to endorse the eulogistic phrases of the martyrologist's panegyric. "No man was able to regret the fate of one who had shown himself in the eyes of all a disgrace to knighthood" is Dr. Gairdner's verdict. That this was the feeling of the great mass of the English people is made, as we think, abundantly clear. Occleve, a sincere man, not a priest, but one who had been the friend of Chaucer and Gower, addressed a poem to Oldcastle, without railing or bitterness, but making an earnest appeal to his better nature. Here is a fragment of it which may be thus partially modernized :

Alas! that thou that wert a manly knight,
And shon full clear in famous worthynesse,
Standing in the favour of every wight,
Hast lost the style of christianly prowessse
Among all them that stand in the clearnesse
Of good belief, and no man with thee holdeth
Sauf cursed caitifs heires of darknesse;
For very ruth of thee mine heart coldeth.

To judge from the abundant evidence which Dr. Gairdner adduces, there can be no doubt that Wyclif's socialistic ideas did lead to serious popular disturbances in England as well as in Bohemia. Indeed, even so extreme a Protestant partizan as Karl Hase plainly admits as much. "Wycliffe," says that writer, "produced no permanent religious impression upon the mass of the people. His teaching was misunderstood, and caused a revolt of the peasants which resulted only in disaster."¹ An indictment was found against Oldcastle for conspiring to kill the King (Henry V.), his brother, the prelates, &c., to abolish the Religious Orders and level the churches to the ground. Extravagant and improbable as this may sound to our practical twentieth century ideas, Dr. Gairdner, possessing

¹ Hase, *Kirchengeschichte*, Eleventh Edition, 1886, p. 353.

that intimate knowledge of the period upon which we have already insisted, interposes to tell us:

We must not dismiss it as mere fable or call it absolute infatuation without thinking of the extremely unsettled state of things which had prevailed both under Richard II. and Henry IV. and the doubts which might well have been entertained whether the supposed madcap young prince who had just succeeded was the man to control the forces of disorder. The Wycliffe leaven had long been working in Oldcastle, who even in 1410 had been corresponding with Hus and his followers in Bohemia; and in Wycliffe's eyes the Religious Orders had been nothing less than a brood of evil-doers who ought to be put down. That revolutionary notions, even of an extreme kind, had been fermenting in some minds at this period there seems no reason to doubt; and if one such mind was that of a knight whose temporal possessions gave him the command of a large number of followers the result would quite naturally be very dangerous to the peace of the country. Oldcastle's designs were undoubtedly so regarded, and that any other view was taken of them until the days of Queen Elizabeth there is no evidence to show.¹

Another extremely interesting section of the book before us, we speak especially from the Catholic stand-point, is the full discussion which Dr. Gairdner accords to the question of translations of the Bible. This matter is treated in two places in the work, first of all upon pp. 101—113 of the first volume, where Wycliffe's personal share in promoting the translation of the Bible is debated, and secondly in a long chapter of vol. ii. (221—304), dealing with Tyndale's New Testament and Coverdale's Bible, and explaining the reception accorded to them. As regards Wycliffe's authorship, Dr. Gairdner, like Mr. Whitney in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*,² finds himself unable to adopt Abbot Gasquet's view and to resign the tradition which calls it Wycliffe's Bible.³ He is quite willing to believe that the Reformer's personal share in the work of translation was slight, and that there has been much exaggeration as regards the importance of what was attempted, but he believes that the versions to which Wycliffe's name has been attached were produced in the main by his followers, though often approved for the reading of orthodox Catholics in so far as they contained nothing but a straightforward translation from the Vulgate.⁴

¹ Lollardy, i. p. 82. ² See vol. ii. pp. 57—63. ³ Lollardy, i. pp. 101, 108, 111.

⁴ There is a point, regarding the rendering of the word "textus" in the Oxford decree of 1409, in which I am tempted to think that Dr. Gairdner (I. 108), Abbot Gasquet (*Old Eng. Bible*, pp. 122, 123, and 169), and several others have all gone astray. A note on the subject will be found on a later page of this number.

But on the much more fundamental and important question of the attitude of the mediæval Church to the Scriptures, Dr. Gairdner, again like Mr. Whitney in the work just mentioned, does full justice to the truth which the extreme party of anti-Catholic controversialists so persistently ignore. Thus he says :

The truth is, the Church of Rome was not at all opposed to the making of translations of scripture or to placing them in the hands of the laity under what were deemed proper precautions. It was only judged necessary to see that no unauthorized or corrupt translations got abroad, and even in this matter it would seem the authorities were not roused to special vigilance till they took alarm at the diffusion of Wycliffite translations in the generation after his death.¹

And a few pages further on, Dr. Gairdner puts the whole marrow of the question with admirable clearness :

That which made Wycliffe's translation so objectionable in the eyes of his contemporaries was not corrupt renderings, or anything liable to censure in the text, but simply the fact that it was composed for the general use of the laity who were encouraged to interpret it in their own way without reference to their spiritual directors. To the possession by worthy laymen of licensed translations the Church was never opposed, but to place such a weapon as an English Bible in the hands of men who had no regard for authority, and who would use it without being instructed how to use it properly, was dangerous not only to the souls of those who read, but to the peace and order of the Church.²

This clear grasp of the Church's position gives Dr. Gairdner a sympathy with the attitude of men like Archbishop Warham, Bishops Fisher and Tunstall, and Sir Thomas More, which is unfortunately found in few even of the most impartially minded Anglicans who have written the history of those tempestuous times. He is able to understand and make allowance for the vehement language in which Tunstall in 1526 denounced "the pestiferous and most pernicious poison," of Tyndale's New Testament. Indeed our author himself does not hesitate to declare that the Testament, like Tyndale's other works, was "intended to produce an ecclesiastical and social revolution of a highly dangerous character, aided by mistranslations of Holy Writ and sophistical glosses in the margin." And he goes on to add this impressive reminder, which is as shrewd as it is timely.

For us who live long after such a revolution has been actually accomplished, who do not realize the agony of the crisis, and to whom

¹ *Lollardy*, i. p. 105.

² *Ibid.* i. p. 117.

even such of the mistranslations as remain do not vitiate the general sense of writings which we feel to be inspired, it is difficult to realize the causes of alarm. Yet, looking back we ought to be aware that the great shipwreck of the old system really did produce disastrous and demoralizing results; that it set men afloat in tempestuous seas on rafts made of the broken timbers of what had once been St. Peter's ship, that the attempt to preserve the unity and independence of a national Church only led to cruelty and repression; and that at last we have found peace—if we have found it even now—in what might almost be called the principle of an agnostic state trying to hold the balance even between contending denominations.¹

It is little to be wondered at if our author, possessing so true an insight into the causes of things and regarding the maintenance of law and order as almost the highest of duties, should find himself in fullest sympathy with the heroic self-sacrifice of such men as Fisher and More. In the chapter entitled "Martyrs for Rome," Dr. Gairdner fully rises to the level of his subject, and sets before us a narrative which even from a literary point of view, will bear comparison with the most classical examples of the historian's art. No one, we venture to say, will read this chapter unmoved, and the interest of its matter, as well as the excellence of its style, make one almost impatient with the inevitable explanations, summaries of doctrinal views and discussions upon abstract questions, which of necessity occupy a good deal of room in some other chapters of this exhaustive study. So thoroughgoing is Dr. Gairdner's sympathy with the martyrs, that he almost runs the risk of being misunderstood, rather than say a word less than the occasion demanded. For example, we are told:

We cannot read the story of such martyrdoms—of death looked persistently in the face and torture endured with so much patience and equanimity—without asking ourselves one question, which is surely of very serious moment. Were not these great Christian heroes altogether in the right? To give them half-hearted sympathy is ignoble. To suppose that they did not judge truly the merits of the cause for which they died is to suppose something very strange in the history of martyrdom.²

This is surely a very noble tribute from one who does not share the belief in that central dogma of faith for which these martyrs died; and we who look upon them as blessed Saints interceding for us in Heaven, cannot fail to think that they will be grateful to this Christian scholar who in his honoured old

¹ *Lollardy*, ii. p. 229.

² *Ibid.* i. p. 505.

age is not afraid to risk some measure of unpopularity rather than fail in due respect to the noble example they have left us.

It is with similar courage that Dr. Gairdner does not shrink from offering an apology even for the Marian persecutions. Most certainly we cannot suppose these questionings and burnings are less revolting to him than to the normally constituted Englishmen of our own times, but he has learned to see with the eyes with which men looked on four centuries ago, and he rightly judges of these things not as a subject of King Edward VII., but as a law-abiding citizen of Queen Mary's day.

Living in the midst of ease and freedom [he says] we cannot easily picture to ourselves the state of matters when a violent breach was made in the sanctions of private and international morality by cutting off the Church of England from Papal jurisdiction and paralysing the authority of the Bishops. . . . If sound constitutional government was to be restored under Mary it was clear that the realm must be brought once more to acknowledge the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope, and efforts must be made to put down heresy. . . . With all this one might imagine that it was not easy for Mary to be tolerant of the new religion, and yet tolerant she was at first, as far as she well could be. . . . The case was simply that there were a number of persons determined not to demand mere toleration for themselves, but to pluck down what they called idolatry everywhere and to keep the Edwardine service in the parish churches in defiance of all authority, and even of the feelings of their fellow parishioners. In short, there was a spirit of rebellion still in the land which had its root in religious bitterness; and if Mary was to reign in peace, and order to be upheld, that spirit must be repressed. Two hundred and seventy-seven persons are recorded to have been burnt in various parts of England during those sad three years and nine months, from the time the persecution began to the death of Mary. But the appalling number of the sufferers must not blind us altogether to the provocation. Nor must it be forgotten that if it be once judged right to pass an Act of Parliament it is right to put it in force. To relent would have implied simply that the authorities feared they had been wrong in passing it, and the result would have been to yield the victory to those powers of disorder which they had endeavoured to withstand.¹

This goes even further in the direction of apology than many a Catholic writer would venture to do. At the same time, our author does not disguise from himself or his readers

¹ *Lollardy*, i. pp. 322—327.

the harm done to the cause of the ancient religion by the extreme severity of this persecution. It did more, he tells us, to alienate the English people from the Church of Rome than anything which had happened in the time of Mary's father.

As might be expected both from his well-known historical probity, as also from that fearlessness in identifying himself with unpopular opinions of which we have just given so striking an example, Dr. Gairdner is throughout absolutely honest in putting before us the facts which might seem to tell against his own conclusions. He analyses in great detail the terrible indictment of contemporary abuses contained in Gascoigne's *Theological Dictionary*, or at any rate in as much of it as has been published by Professor Rogers.¹ He also goes very fully into the testimony of John Foxe, the author of the *Book of Martyrs*, and arrives at a conclusion far more favourable, on the whole, to the character of that fierce controversialist than that, for example, formed many years ago by S. R. Maitland. Conservative as our historian may be by instinct, and devoted to those old ways which, for the most part, make for law and order, he certainly does not blink abuses where they can be plainly shown to exist. This, we conceive, adds enormously to the value of the verdict which he passes upon the great question of the suppression of the monasteries. He has very carefully studied the Visitations of Bishop Nix, with regard to which Abbot Gasquet has of late been so violently assailed, and he must also have devoted much time to the *Comperla* of the Royal Visitors of 1536, but in the special Appendix devoted to the subject,² as well as in the text of his history, Dr. Gairdner substantially endorses the conclusions which Abbot Gasquet's great work have made familiar to all English readers. For example, our author says:

But, on the whole, it will surely be admitted that no reliance whatever is to be placed on the foul reports of the Visitors, which were clearly intended for no other purpose than to afford a pretext for the parliamentary suppression of the smaller monasteries.³

¹ We could almost have wished that Dr. Gairdner had used the original manuscript rather than the published extracts. One is always a little suspicious of extracts. Gascoigne was obviously a disappointed man, who looked at everything through the spectacles of his University dignity and emoluments. Such a man often gives himself away in passages which an extract-maker omits to reproduce.

² *Lollardy*, vol. ii. pp. 95—106.

³ Vol. ii. p. 93.

And speaking more in particular of the Visitations of Bishop Nix to which Mr. Coulton appeals so confidently,¹ Dr. Gairdner sums up the result of his inquiry in these words :

From the reports as a whole we can certainly see that monasteries differed greatly in character, and we can understand what the inmates themselves regarded in each case as the things most requiring amendment. It is impossible to rise from the perusal without a feeling that vice did make its way at times into these retreats for piety, but that many of them were deeply tainted, or were long allowed to continue so, does not seem to me a justifiable inference from these very frank revelations.²

It is upon these and similar questions that Dr. Gairdner's life-long familiarity with the original documents, and with the habits of mind of the sixteenth century, as well as the entire absence of any cause he is pledged to defend, or thesis he is eager to vindicate, give an extraordinary value to his judgments. We have sometimes been disposed to think in perusing these most interesting pages that his conclusions are better than the reasonings by which he justifies them. Indeed, this must almost inevitably be the case in a great work like that now before us, for no man can set down in writing all the complexus of elements that influence his judgment, and not even the ablest psychologist can always analyse out correctly the precise *momenta* which incline the balance to one side rather than the other. A curious example of this seems to us to be presented in a matter upon which Dr. Gairdner has lately been taken to task, we mean his belief in the substantial truth of the charges made by Archbishop Morton in 1490 against the Abbey of St. Albans. Of course it is quite clear that Dr. Gairdner, not having looked up the matter in the *Registra* published by Mr. Riley, has entirely mistaken the date of Abbot Wallingford's death.³ Wallingford certainly did not die before 1490, and consequently Dr. Gairdner's charitable supposition that some unnamed Abbot was ruling during this period, who, having permitted these scandalous irregularities to creep in, was promptly deposed, entirely falls to the ground. But was Dr. Gairdner wrong in his more general inference that such a petition for powers to visit an exempt and powerful abbey

¹ *Medieval Studies*, i. pp. 3—5.

² Vol. ii. p. 106.

³ *Registra Johannis Whethamstede*, &c., edit. by H. T. Riley (Rolls Series), 2 vols., 1873.

and such a tremendous letter written by a man like Morton and entered in his Register¹ do constitute a presumption of something rather seriously wrong in the St. Albans discipline at that period? We must confess that although we should be quite open to conviction on the production of fresh evidence, a careful examination of Mr. Riley's volumes has persuaded us that Dr. Gairdner's instinct has not greatly misled him. There must, we believe, have been serious foundation for at least some of the complaints that had reached the Archbishop. Morton, of whom Blessed Thomas More has given so highly favourable an estimate in his *Utopia*, was not the man to take such unusually strong measures upon mere unverified gossip. We have no intention to discuss the matter at any length in this place. The facts of Abbot Wallingford's government which have most impressed us are recounted by Mr. Riley² in some detail, and the reader interested in the subject must be referred to the volume itself. It will be sufficient here to say that during the period of some twenty years, it is certain that in five or more cases, the priors of dependent cells who had been among the most prominent members of the St. Albans community, were deposed from their offices for misconduct of various kinds, and what is most startling, these very monks were afterwards sent out to make visitations of other priories, or even of the same priory from which they had previously been deposed. Now without wishing to draw any too sweeping inference from these facts and from others which it would be beside our purpose to touch upon, we may venture to say that in our eyes the testimony found in the same St. Albans Register extolling in enthusiastic terms the merits of Abbot Wallingford, must be looked upon as a very suspicious document. It was apparently written down in the Abbot's own lifetime, not without a direct reference to Archbishop Morton's indictment, and—it proves too much.

Clearly however the observance of discipline at St. Albans in the year 1490, is merely a detail in a great question which has much wider bearings, a detail in regard to which Dr. Gairdner himself would probably be the last to claim infallibility of judgment. What is certain is that like Dr. Jessopp and the late

¹ Several years ago the present writer paid a visit to Lambeth at the request of a friend to verify the correctness of the text of this letter. Needless to say, Wilkins has printed the extract from Archbishop Morton's Register with all necessary accuracy.

² See *Registrum Whethamstede*, &c., ii., Introduction pp. xxxv—xliv, and xxiv—xxxiii; and compare the Offa's charter incident in *Amundesham*, Introduction, pp. xlvii—xlviii.

Canon Dixon, Dr. Gairdner with all his intimate, first-hand knowledge of the documentary remains of this period of decadence, the age of Innocent VIII. and Alexander VI., tells us that in his opinion there is no foundation for the idea that the English monasteries were in any sense a hot-bed of vice, or a source of moral corruption to the country. For this and for many other matters upon which we have had no room to touch, it seems to us that we Catholics owe a debt of very deep gratitude to the veteran historian for the fearlessness and honesty of purpose with which he has identified himself with an unpopular cause.

H. THURSTON.

The Marble Christ.

"The barking of dogs does not injure the clouds."

Arabian Proverb.

EUGENE GREIS, Professor of New Testament Theology in the University of Ochsenfeld, let his pen fall from his cramped and weary fingers with a heart-felt ejaculation of "*Finis coronat opus!*" He had been at work since dawn correcting the final sheets of his new book, stealing but a few moments for refreshment. Already the lengthening shadows in the valley beneath his window told him that it was near sunset; but the hours had sped all that day on fleet wings, for the very wells of his soul had been oozing up, and it was only when he leaned back in his chair, that he realized how strenuous and exhausting his labours had been.

And so the great book was completed at last. Years of indefatigable study, of patient research, of minute analysis and weighing of evidence had come to an end; and in a few months the learned world would be eagerly discussing "*A Critical Life of Jesus the Nazarene*, by Eugene Greis." He knew that his *magnum opus* was sure of a welcome in that circle of extreme rationalist theologians to which he himself belonged. The earlier chapters of the manuscript had been perused by professors of Leipsig, Tübingen, and Jena, and encomiums had been showered upon him. "You have torn," wrote one, "from the pale brow of the Nazarene preacher the last vestige of the divine aureole, which survived the havoc wrought by Strauss and Renan." "Your great book," wrote another, "will mark an epoch in the history of criticism. It is more brilliantly telling than Strauss; it is more solid and erudite than Renan. Let the student take up your work dispassionately and without prejudice of creed, and in fifty years' time Jesus the God will be known only to Rome."

After the receipt of such lavish praises, he had felt encouraged to enter without delay upon the arduous task of

revision ; and in order to accomplish his purpose uninterrupted, he had hastened out to Italy and had taken up his quarters in the Tuscan village of Castel San Felice, where he had already passed more than one pleasant holiday retreat. A few weeks of intense application brought his labours successfully to a close.

Eugene Greis was in his fortieth year. Tall and athletic-looking, with heavy jaw and low forehead, he appeared to the casual observer in the character of a rather serious man of the world ; the hard lines about his mouth suggested a not too successful part in the battle for success ; his swinging, careless gait implied an acquired, even affected, defiance of an unfavourable destiny. But nothing about him, indeed, would have led one to divine the learned critic, the assiduous student, the popular professor. He was an Alsatian by birth, and French and German were his native tongues. He had been baptized a Catholic and, until his sixteenth year, had been a devout follower of his creed. But one night he sat down to Renan's *Life of Christ*, all unconscious of the venom that lurked under that winning, but deadly, romance ; and in the small hours of the morning he had risen from his desk with Doubt thundering at the portcullis of his soul. A few years at the University, the lectures of a clever sceptic, a profound course of reading among Reimarus, Strauss, Baur, and others, had left him a denier of all those precious truths which had been the solace of his imaginative boyhood. At the age of forty he was known throughout Europe and America as the boldest of destructive critics. And now his *Life of Christ* was to appear before the world to secure for him (so he dreamed) the highest plaudits of men, and perhaps an honourable and enduring place among the leaders of religious revolt.

Eugene rose slowly from his chair with a sigh of infinite relief and strode over to the window. It was sunset, and an exquisite breeze had sprung up. He felt that a brisk walk up the hill would restore his tired brain, and he decided to set out at once. As he turned back to his desk, his eye fell on an object, the sight of which caused him to start violently, as though smitten by a sudden blow. On the wall above the place where he had been sitting all day, hung a bracket supporting a figure of the Redeemer. It was a reproduction in miniature of an immense statue that stood over the entrance to the Cistercian monastery about three miles higher up the hill above Castel San Felice.

"I wonder how that got there," he muttered to himself; "it wasn't there yesterday; I must ask Giammaria." And he rang hastily for his *cameriere*.

"Who put that statue up there?" he demanded angrily, as Giammaria entered the room.

"Why, *signore*," replied the servant, "the *padrone* received it yesterday as a gift from the Father guest-master of the monastery; and he bade me hang it on your wall as a mark of special esteem. I fixed it up this morning, before you left your bedroom. It was only an affair of a minute or two."

"I understand," answered Eugene; "then perhaps it will be only an affair of a minute or two to take it down again. I shall return in about a couple of hours; see that it has been removed from my room before then."

Giammaria was pious and God-fearing, and such a proceeding seemed to him nothing short of iconoclasm itself. "*Ma, scusi Signore!*" he protested with outspread palms. "After all——"

"*Zitto!*" roared Eugene in a voice of thunder, "Do what you are told!" And seizing his hat he left the room. Giammaria stood gaping after him, until he heard the door of the *albergo* banged violently; then, raising his arms above his head and rolling his eyes in blank wonderment at the ceiling, which happened to intercept his view of Heaven whither his thoughts were directed, he ejaculated slowly, but emphatically, "*Questi eretici! Madonna mia!*" And, with a hasty apologetic genuflection towards the condemned statue, he descended, grumbling audibly, to the kitchen.

After half an hour's sharp walking, Eugene turned to admire the view. In the western sky burned the magic after-glow of sunset. Purple clouds, like imperial galleys riding at anchor, floated motionless in a sea of palest malachite; and all around, as though the treasure-houses of Ormus and of Ind had been rifled and scattered broadcast, lay a profusion of turquoise and opal and jasper and molten gold.

"The Eye of Day," mused Eugene, as he gazed enchanted and enraptured, "sinks, like the colossal empires of old, amid barbaric splendour. So, too, the wealth and genius of Renaissance Art had been showered upon the person of the Nazarene, when Dr. Martin Luther rose up to deal the first unwitting blow at the Divinity on which Christian ages had enthroned him. The Jesus of Angelico and Perugino, of Raphael and Michelangelo sinks in fading glory from the view of men, and

in its place arises the naked phantom of Strauss, Renan, and—of Eugene Greis."

For some minutes he stood watching the superb array of colour in the west and the deepening tones of the Tuscan landscape, over which brooded

A soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst.

Some verses of Carducci went lilting through his memory ; they had been recalled by the great carpet of anemone, cyclamen and wild orchid that covered the hill-side,—by the tranquillity of the crystal heavens above,—by the dim, glaucous reaches of the Mediterranean leagues away :

Tra colli e prati e monti
Di fior tutto è una trama :
Canta germoglia ed ama
L'acqua la terra il ciel.

He walked on in the fast-gathering twilight, repeating the verses aloud to himself. Then he raised his eyes and came to a sudden halt. He had just rounded a sharp bend in the path he was following, and right before him stood the great entrance of the Cistercian monastery. Above it, ghostly white in the dull glow that intervenes in Italy between sunset and night-fall, loomed the original of the statue which had caused him such annoyance an hour before. It was a colossal piece of sculpture, crude, archaic almost, in the stiff folds of its drapery and the exaggerated poise of its head. The rigid, outstretched arms suggested ecstatic prayer.

Eugene stood contemplating the figure, beset with many conflicting thoughts. The effigy before him represented the old beliefs, aspirations, and hopes which he and his fellow-critics were striving to dislodge from the hearts of men. He himself had once felt the spell of the ancient Faith ; his soul, trembling on the verge of manhood, had been thrilled by all that is noble and pure and sublime in the ever-pulsating vitality of the Church. But there came that fatal night when he opened the *Vie de Jésus*, and from that hour he had known no rest. The demon of criticism had taken possession of him ; henceforth, the infinite deeps of the mind of God, His workings with men, the whole economy of His revelation, were to be plumbed by the fluttering thread of human reason. He went to Ochsenfeld with the influence of Renan strong upon him. Here he

was the centre of a smart set of young men who, with more daring than brains, had declared war against Christianity. To them Chateaubriand would have applied the epithet in which he summed up the scoffers of all time: "*Ces hommes, en apparence frivoles, qui détruisent tout en riant.*" Eugene, as became the idol of this coterie, wrote verses, made speeches, brought out a novel that sparkled with impiety worthy of the fallen genius of Voltaire. His friends cheered him on. But a scathing remark put an end to this foolish existence.

"You want to wipe out Christianity, do you?" sneered a shrewd observer who heard the young sophists boasting of their programme. "Well, you have every encouragement; the lion died from the kick of an ass, you know!" A month later Eugene was on his way to the East to study languages and archæology.

When he returned to Ochsenfeld as *Privatdozent*, after the lapse of some twelve years, he had amassed a great store of theological and philological learning. He still held to his extreme rationalistic standpoint; but his position now had something like solid foundations. He ceased to turn the vitriol-spray of satire and epigram on the citadel, in proportion as he felt capable of employing against it the siege-batteries of his maturer erudition. While travelling in the Holy Land he had conceived the idea of writing a Life of Christ, and with this purpose in view he had carried on his archæological studies with minute care, even making some successful excavations of his own. Two interesting discoveries had already been described by him in the *Zeitschrift für Neutestamentliche Archäologie*, and had created some stir and not a little controversy in the learned world. These, along with a careful inquiry into the Galilean dialect at the time of our Lord, were embodied in the great work just completed.

Thus, as he gazed on the giant figure that faced him, the chief events of his successful career whirled rapidly through his brain. But to-night he found himself reviewing his life with a strange haunting uneasiness. He had to confess that he did not feel satisfied with his work. Who was to reap the profit of his hours of laborious study? Would the world be nobler and wiser after reading his book? Had Strauss and Renan laid before men a loftier ideal, a greater hope? Once in his youth he had dreamed of a race purified from the canker of superstition, and exalted by the worship of reason alone.

But now, at any rate, the sight of the ghostly figure over the gateway seemed to chill such aspirations. He felt, were it possible to blow out for ever the flaming beacons of Christianity,

How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perish'd leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing.

Would it not be better, whispered an interior voice, to return to his *albergo*, throw the pile of manuscript into the flames, and spend his money—he had plenty of it—in teaching little boys and girls those fundamental truths which alone can raise man above the beasts of the field? But the vision of a prosperous future, of the homage of men, and of a fame stronger than death, rose up before his eyes, and he laughed aloud at the very suggestion.

"No! no! pale Rabbi of Israel," he cried, apostrophizing the statue. "Thy reign is over, Thy doom is writ, graven for ever on the iron tablets of Fate. Nineteen centuries long Thy portentous shadow has lain, for weal and for woe, athwart the track of human progress; henceforth it must dwindle away and disappear. Reason shall sit on Thy throne; the incense that once was Thine, the fragrant clouds of adoration and praise, shall curl up before her. Her liege-men, the lords of prowess and wealth and learning, shall gather in multitudes at her feet, and the skies shall quake at the sound of the shout of their thanksgivings, and the pillars of the earth shall be moved at the echo of their victorious tread. And Thy trace shall remain, O Galilean, only as blurred, giant footprints on the strata of the fallen centuries."

Thus, with a blasphemer's tongue and a rebel's heart, Eugene cast a farewell defiant glance at the white statue, and took the path that led to Castel San Felice.

As he drew near the village, he observed a figure hastening towards him through the dusk. It was Giammaria.

"O Signor!" cried the *cameriere*, a wail of despair bursting from his lips. "*Una disgrazia terribile! Una disgrazia terribile!* There has been a fire in the *albergo*,—in your room, —and all your papers are destroyed!"

Eugene swayed as one smitten by an apoplectic stroke; the stars seemed to reel in their courses; the moon shook as though at the breath of a final catastrophe. For a moment he stood there, overwhelmed by the news. Then with a bitter

curse,—the curse of a soul that revolts angrily against the inevitable,—he set off at a run in the direction of his *albergo*. Gathered round the door was a voluble throng of peasants who were watching the thin clouds of smoke that issued from one of the windows. In a moment Eugene had pushed his way through their midst and was surveying the havoc wrought by the disaster. A pitiful, disordered mass of charred and shrivelled leaves was all that was left of the endeavour of half a lifetime! Silently he listened to Giammaria's tearful explanation. The *cameriere*, loathing a task that was, in his eyes, a sacrilege, had deferred the removal of the statue as long as possible. Finally, at nightfall, he screwed up his courage, took a light with him, set it on Eugene's table, mounted a chair, and took down the effigy of the Redeemer. But his hand had trembled so, that he let his burden crash heavily on to the petroleum lamp, and in a moment the papers were in flames. To save them was impossible, and poor Giammaria could only watch in a sort of hypnotized terror the merciless fury of the destroying element.

Eugene, pale as the marble Christ he had left on the hill, listened without a word to the tale gasped out in broken accents. In his heart there surged up a brutal desire to fell the servant to the ground; but kindlier instincts got the better of him; and, with the groan of a man stricken at his very vitals, he left the room where his idol lay, a shattered and helpless ruin.

The crowd made way for him, looking at him with mute sympathy. But Eugene passed heedlessly by them and out of the village, following his favourite paths unconsciously, so broken was he by the burden of this sudden affliction. For a long time the thoughts raged tumultuously through his brain. Incoherent ideas, smarting recollections, thwarted desires chased one another in rapid succession. He lived again through the long hours of patient toil,—the night-watches passed in untiring research,—the weary journeys in the East,—all of which Giammaria's clumsiness had undone in the twinkling of an eye. To re-write his book he felt to be an impossibility, for the sight of those blackened leaves had filled him with a gnawing despair. Then a sudden and unaccountable alarm took hold of him. Was it merely an odd coincidence that the statue which he had scorned should have been the cause of the fire? That an effigy of Jesus should destroy a book wherein His

Divinity was trampled under the feet of modern criticism? Eugene tried to laugh cheerfully; he only succeeded in uttering a hoarse cackle that woke dismal echoes in the silence of the night. The reflection, however he might ridicule it, brought on him a mad desire for revenge. He would return to Ochsenfeld and preach scientific war against the Nazarene with more boldness and perseverance than before. In lectures, in pamphlets, in periodicals, in conversations, his one purpose would be to shatter the arguments on which Christ's Godhead rested.

A flash and a terrific peal of thunder cut short his impious reverie. A storm had come up from the sea while he had been roaming the hill-side plunged in turbulent meditation, and in a few minutes he found himself in the thick of it. Crash after crash burst upon him—deafening discharges, as it were, of Titanic batteries engaged in giant conflict—the artillery of some aerial Armageddon rending the very heavens. To his intense relief, he beheld the lights of the monastery quite close to him. Here, at least, he could find shelter, and he hastened his steps towards the gateway. As he drew near he heard with some surprise the sound of chanting. It was past midnight, then, for it was Matins that was being sung—and he had been wandering aimlessly for three hours, the victim of his own bitter fancies. There was a lull in the storm, and in spite of the rain he paused to listen.

A cantor was intoning the second psalm. "*Why have the Gentiles raged and the Peoples devised vain things? The Kings of the earth stood up and the Princes met together against the Lord and against His Christ.*"

The words held Eugene spellbound. He perceived the startling contrast between the solemn, recollected monks chanting the old Hebrew song, and himself, the representative there of those among the Kings of Knowledge and the Princes of Wisdom who had risen up to cast off the yoke of God's Anointed One. How striking the difference between the calm assurance of the brethren and the hysteric utterances, the outrageous cocksureness, the conflicting judgments of those who in all ages had unfurled the dark banners of revolt! For centuries the Catholic Church in her midnight Office had sung this second psalm, defying with tranquil majesty the wayward sons of rebellion; and they, like discordant voices of the storm, had shrieked out their *Non serviam* and had grown still again. He, too, had

uttered that terrible wild cry, that battle-shout of the falling Archangel; *Non serviam* indeed! and he was life-bondman to that passionate lust of criticism which for years had enthralled his soul. And what if the geniuses, whose footsteps he had followed, were all in the wrong? If they, those masters in the halls of learning, had been struggling merely like headstrong children to blow out the Lamp which no mortal breath can dim?

And the answer came from the hooded brethren in the stalls: "*He that dwelleth in the Heavens shall mock them, and the Lord shall laugh them to scorn.*"

Eugene remained as if petrified. Was this some mysterious oracle answering to his inmost thoughts? Another flash told him that the brief lull was but the prelude to further vehemence on the part of the elements. Involuntarily he raised his eyes and started violently. The colossal statue, with its blinding background of flame, seemed like some avenging angel ready to smite him with lightnings torn from the very heart of the tempest. For a moment he hesitated to seek the cover of the hospitable gateway. Presently, overcoming his fears, he stepped towards the threshold; but ere he could reach it there came another flash that seemed to split open the building before him, the earth quaked at his feet, there was a roar as of the falling firmament in his ears. Then a fearful blow on his head—and, unconsciousness. The lightning had struck the right arm of the statue, and a large fragment of the shattered limb had smitten Eugene to the earth.

From the choir close at hand rolled the steady, sonorous cataract of inspired psalmody:

"Thou shalt rule them with a rod of iron, and shalt break them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

For three days Eugene lay in the monastery infirmary, his bruised and battered head swathed in bandages, to all appearances lifeless. But towards midnight on the third day, when the German lay-Brother had extinguished the little lamp, because a full moon was shining into the chamber, the sick man gave a deep sigh and opened his eyes. For a long time he merely stared vacantly at the ceiling, and paid no heed to his attendant. Then his gaze fell on the wall opposite, and the Brother, who was leaning over him, saw that his face took on an expression of abject terror; his mouth worked convulsively and his whole

body trembled. For there above the foot of his bed, bathed in the silver moonlight, stood an exact replica of the statue which had caused all the trouble at the *albergo*. The sight of it brought home to Eugene a flood of bitter memories ; but in his weak and helpless state, it seemed like a vision jeering at his misfortune. Then he remembered the flash and its subsequent oblivion, and in a hoarse whisper he asked, what it was that had struck him down. And when he heard that it was the right hand of the marble Christ, a stifled shriek burst from his fevered lips. He struggled to his knees, beating wildly at the lay-Brother who tried to hold him down ; strong in his delirious fury, he rose to his feet, tearing frantically at his bandages, and swaying to and fro like a drunken man—the blood streaming down his face and on to his shoulders, a ghastly tide in the pale moonlight. Then, as a raving death-shriek forced itself from him, he crashed lifeless on to the floor.

The German lay-Brother clutched at the wall, white with terror, gazing with starting eyeballs at the twisted corpse. For that last terrible cry, that had rung in his ears like a despairing voice from Hell, was :

“ O Galilean, Thou hast conquered ! ”

J. R. MEAGHER.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Education Controversy.

WHENEVER we read or dip into the stream of newspaper correspondence on the education question we are frequently reminded of the famous "axiom" of Lewis Carroll—"A discussion may be raised on any point at any distance from that point." How much paper and ink, how much brain-power, and time, and temper might have been saved if the disputants had first of all laboured to make clear what they severally meant by "education." As it is, the free-lances of Anglicanism—an army under this aspect consisting entirely of *franc-tireurs*—and the guerilla chiefs of Nonconformity contend long and vehemently about the means, without having previously settled what the end is to be. If they could manage to discuss that first, they would speedily see whether there was any chance of agreement: until they are agreed as to the thing desired, how futile it is to parade their various ways of attaining it. Now, it is clear that those who hold that there can be no education without morality, and no morality without religion, and no religion without definite doctrine, can never unite in a definition of education with those who believe that religion can be taught without dogma, or morality without religion. It should be just as clear that, given this distinct line of cleavage between the citizens of the State, there can be no common form of education acceptable to all. Yet we find a respectable Anglican dignitary like Canon Papillon, after enouncing the reasonable proposition that "the State must be master in its own schools," proceeding to argue that therefore the Churches must make terms with the State under that proviso.¹ Surely the Canon had forgotten his logic, or else he could not have drawn that inference. If we substitute for the convenient collective term "State" its content, viz., "the Anglicans, Protestants, Catholics, and Jews of England, viewed in their self-governing capacity," we can see

¹ *Letter to the Times*, November 14th.

how dangerous it is to juggle with abstractions. Apart from the various bodies that compose it, the "State" has no existence, much less distinct and antagonistic views and interests. All that legitimately follows from the Canon's proposition is that in a nation of several distinct creeds, each should be equally recognized in a national system of education. Grosser forms of the same fallacy occur frequently in Nonconformist speeches and writings, as, for example, "What the *people of England* want is simple Bible teaching," or, "The *nation* is weary of sectarian strife." Translate those collective terms into their constituent parts and much high-sounding eloquence will be found arrant nonsense.

J. K.

Dr. Horton Apologises!

It may seem ungracious, when a gentleman expresses his regret for some annoyance or injury which he has caused, to call attention to the fact as something remarkable. But those who know anything about Dr. Horton's methods in controversy will, we feel sure, exonerate us from all blame for using the above heading. Dr. Horton still lies under the stigma of failing to substantiate a statement which he advanced out of his own positive knowledge, viz., that he had met "again and again" in his reading of Catholic literature, the blasphemous expression, "Our Lord God the Pope." In this, and other instances when he has been driven into a corner, he has tried to "save his face" by a system of shuffling which judged by any decent standard of ethics would be considered low and unworthy. His latest exploit in this line shows that his methods are still unchanged. For some time past Dr. Horton has definitely taken his stand upon the lowest levels of anti-Catholic agitation by publicly associating himself with the ignorant and intolerant bigots that demand the "inspection of convents," in other words, the violation by the State of the legitimate privacy of those associations of ladies who have devoted themselves of their own free will to the religious life. In a meeting, held at his chapel in Lyndhurst Road on October 8th, of the notorious band of fanatics known as the Women's Protestant League,¹ after the usual ignorant charges against the religious system, Dr. Horton ventured on a specific instance to illustrate his theme. This

¹ Dr. Horton, after his wont, alludes to these poor misguided females as the "Women of England"!

was a dangerous thing to do, as many of his kind have found to their cost, but how could he help himself, "considering," as he elsewhere naively puts it, "the difficulty of learning the facts of conventual life"? He could not remain in the air all the time, so down he came to earth with the statement that "it had come to his knowledge that at the Convent of the Sacred Heart a pupil, for some offence, was made to remain in the mortuary for some hours alone."¹

Now we are not concerned here with the truth or falsehood of this alleged punishment. Experience in the analysis of previous "convent-horrors" would suggest as an explanation that the girl was imprisoned, in defect of other accommodation, in a room in which some one at some time or other had died. That would be quite enough ground on which to build an Eiffel tower of Protestant mendacity. Still less is it our purpose to deny that abuses may occur in convent-schools. Human nature being what it is, abuses may occur anywhere, even in the households of Nonconformist pastors. Taking the story at its worst, Dr. Horton before any other audience would have found it hard to prove that confining girls in mortuaries was the natural and inevitable result of living in community under the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. All that isolated instances of this kind if verified could possibly prove would be that, here and there, there were Religious who fell below the standard of their profession.

However, be that as it may, Dr. Horton has felt obliged (or should it be, was compelled?) to apologize for his libel on the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. The apology, printed in the *Hampstead Advertiser*, came to this: "if I used the words 'Convent of the Sacred Heart,' and if 'those distant sisterhoods' [*i.e.*, the convents of the Sacred Heart at Hammersmith and Roehampton] felt any annoyance, I express my regrets." It would have been more gracious of Dr. Horton to have expressed himself less conditionally. The editor shows that there was no reason for the first hypothesis, and as for the second, it might have been assumed that insult produces annoyance. It is worth while noticing Dr. Horton's substantiation of his charge in the same letter. He writes:

I narrated in my speech a fact which came under my notice ten or twelve years ago in this place. At that time I had a cousin living

¹ *Hampstead Advertiser*, October 22nd.

with me who was a Roman Catholic and mingled with the Catholics of the neighbourhood. He came into contact with a lady who as a girl in the convent school had been punished for some offence by solitary confinement in the mortuary. He came home full of indignation and spoke very freely about it, mentioning to me the lady's name.

Thus, the lady told the cousin a recollection of her girlhood, and the cousin told the Doctor some ten or twelve years ago, and on this remote, one-sided, third-hand evidence, not enough to justify the hanging of a cat, Dr. Horton proceeds to blacken the character, not merely of an unnamed Hampstead convent, but of all convents in all places and at all times! Beyond vague generalities and appeals to "experience," he brings forward not a shred of other evidence, for his citation of the action of "Catholic" Italy and of the French Government in destroying convents can only be characterized as impudent cynicism. "God knows," cried the Doctor to Mr. Britten some ten years ago,¹ "God knows I would rather die than consciously misjudge your, or any other Christian, Church." God, of course, knows everything, but however it was ten years ago, we find it hard to believe He knows that now.

J. K.

What is a *textus*?

In reading through Dr. Gairdner's *Lollardy*, we stumbled the other day upon what we venture to think is a curious mistranslation, though it appears not only in the pages of that veteran historian, but also elsewhere, and in particular in an essay of Abbot Gasquet published some years ago and since reprinted. It is well known that at the Synod of Oxford in 1408, Archbishop Arundel issued a decree about translations of the Bible into English, the first clause of which runs as follows: "Statuimus ergo et ordinamus ut nemo deinceps aliquem textum sacrae Scripturae auctoritate sua in linguam Anglicanam vel aliam transferat, per viam libri, libelli aut tractatus." "The prohibition," says Dr. Gairdner, "was against any one translating by his own authority any *passage* of Scripture (*textus aliquis sanctae Scripturae*) in the form of a book, booklet, or tract."² Similarly Abbot Gasquet, rendering the actual words of the decree, writes: "We therefore command and ordain that henceforth no one of his own authority

¹ *Methods of a Protestant Controversialist*, p. 9. (C.T.S. 1d.)

² Gairdner, i. p. 108.

translate any *passage* (*aliquem textum*) of Holy Scripture into English in a book, booklet, or tract."¹ Now with the sincerest respect for these two high authorities, we venture to ask whether it is not rather improbable that a Provincial Synod should have issued any prohibition quite so sweeping as to forbid the translation of any *passage* of Holy Scripture by private authority. Textual citations of Scripture occur in every book of piety, notably, for example, in such a treatise as the *Imitation of Christ*. Is there any indication that English translators ever avoided rendering these passages of Holy Writ, or that they were at pains to follow some one uniform and approved version? We think not. Surely, then, the "*aliquis textus sacrae Scripturae*" of the Oxford Synod was something quite different from that mere sentence or clause which we now understand by a "text of Scripture." The phrase, we venture to suggest, means not a *passage* of Holy Scripture, but the entirety of one or more of those distinct compositions of which the Bible is made up—the Epistles of St. Paul for example, or the Acts of the Apostles, or the Psalter, or the Book of Isaías, or the four Gospels, any portion in fine which was commonly written out in such a way as to form a separate volume. Let us note in the first place that Lyndewode makes it clear that "*textus*" was the name for a book which contained simply the words of some teacher without any kind of commentary. This name was used in opposition to those volumes of another kind, in which a gloss was added over and above the matter glossed. Thus according to his explanation: "*Textus est liber doctorum continens tractatum sine literae vel sententiae expositione*,"² which means, if we understand him rightly, that any volume which contained a teacher's actual words, without commentary of any kind, might be called a *textus*. Now, what seems strongly to confirm this is the fact that the word *textus* was constantly used in mediæval inventories for books in liturgical use and hence regarded as forming part of the church furniture. It is commonly assumed that by such a *textus* the book of the Gospels was always meant, but it may be questioned if there is any real evidence for this. Undoubtedly the word *textus* was used of the book of the Gospels employed in High Mass, and indeed the usage survives in French to this day. Moreover, from the highly ornamental cover which was constantly associated with books used at the altar or in taking oaths, &c., the

¹ *Old English Bible*, p. 169.² Lyndewode, *Provinciale* (ed. 1679), p. 286.

name *textus* seems almost to have come at last to denote the precious binding of wrought silver or jewelled ivory in preference to the book itself.¹ But we believe that outside of sacristy inventories, the word was really generic and that any discourse or code of approved authority, whether Scripture or not, which was sometimes made the subject of a circumjacent commentary but in other cases was written out by itself so as to fill the whole page without gloss, was commonly called a *textus*. The word naturally lent itself most especially to certain portions of Holy Scripture such as the Gospels, the Psalms, &c., and hence its employment in the famous Oxford constitution of Archbishop Arundel.

H. T.

Reviews.

I.—SCIENCE AS A RELIGION.²

It appears to be a growing belief amongst many persons, and most especially amongst such as devote themselves to the study of science, that in this is unquestionably to be sought the ultimate solution of all problems which perplex humanity, no less of that which may be in the heavens above, as in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. In other words, it is coming, or has already come, to be an accepted maxim that "science" is conterminous with human knowledge—so far as this is worthy of the name—and that whatever does not bear the scientific hall-mark may at once be set aside as manifestly spurious.

Amongst other things which are held to fall under this rule is religion, which though not usually very clearly or intelligibly defined, may be taken to signify whatever concerns our relations with anything beyond the physical world of matter and sense,

¹ For example in the St. Albans inventory of c. 1390, the first heading is "*Textus*." It begins: "*Habetur unus textus principalis de argento deaurato operis pretiosi cum imagine Majestatis in medio*," &c. Similarly: "*Item habentur duo textus de argento deaurato*," &c. On the other hand, at Christ Church, Canterbury, in 1315, we have mention of twenty-two "*Textus*" over and above fifteen Missals, four Gospel books, and three Breviaries. It is natural to suggest that the heading *Textus* must have included Psalters and Legendaries, since neither of these classes of books are otherwise mentioned. The word was also quite common in French, for example in a Fécamp Inventory of 1362: "*Un autres livres ou textes tous couvers d'argent*," and elsewhere a century later, "*Un texte d'evangiles couvert d'argent*."

² *Man and the Universe*. By Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Methuen and Co. Pp. viii, 356. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1908.

all that gives a significance to our lives beyond the grave, which introduces into human notions the ideas—totally unknown to physics or chemistry—of merit or sin,—and teaches us to recognize as above and beyond everything else, One who is the First Source of our being, and the Last End towards which it should tend.

But of religion thus understood, as of all else, science claims to be the supreme judge, deciding whether it be all a delusion, or if not, what modicum of truth it may be allowed to retain, upon purely scientific principles, and it is apparently for our instruction in this regard that so distinguished a physicist as Sir Oliver Lodge has given to the world his latest book. But in so doing, is he not affording a symptom of the malady vulgarly described as "swelled head," from which science at the present day appears to be suffering in a rather acute degree? The whole basis of the assumption that science is practically omniscient, is undoubtedly furnished by the magnitude of the discoveries which in recent years she claims to have made, and confidently anticipates to make every day in the future. But, after all, in what sense are these discoveries so very wonderful and magnificent? No doubt, they are exceedingly vast and marvellous in comparison with our former ignorance, and to a large extent make us practically masters of nature to an extent of which our forefathers never dreamed. But of the true nature and origin of that which we study, and the lesson which that nature and origin must imply, do we really know any more than those men ever did? Do we not rather find that we really know less the farther we contrive to push our investigations? Matter, for instance, the stuff of which the world is made,—what is it? Men used, in pre-scientific days, to fancy they knew, but with access of knowledge they have been forced to confession of blank ignorance, which becomes only more absolute with each attempt to explain its nature. Some there are who regard matter as a "thing," the sum of a number of "atoms" which are indivisible, being called atoms because they cannot be cut in two. Others consider the material ultimate atom as a whorl or vortex in a universally diffused *continuum* known as the ether, which is itself full of mysteries, being on the one hand more dense than steel, and on the other offering no resistance to bodies, such as the planets making their way through it. Once more, the atom is described as "a twist in a suitable medium," while finally it is held that

atoms are merely gaps in an ether of innumerable fine grains—according to which theory matter is ultimately not the real thing at all, but the lack of the real essence. It is evident, therefore, that in this direction science has not arrived at any sort of conclusion which can be styled final or satisfactory.

When we turn from matter to force, the other great factor of which science can take cognizance, the case is even worse, for regarding this we cannot even hazard conjectures. We know, indeed, how under given circumstances force will affect matter, whatever matter is, but beyond this we know nothing. What gravitation itself may be, nobody knows, and every attempt to explain its nature has in turn been shown to be scientifically impossible. In like manner no man knows what is chemical affinity, or electricity, or magnetism, or any other force which we find operating in nature; nor is the matter made any more easy of comprehension by the fact that they are found to operate according to laws, which we can learn and so utilize, but cannot change.

It would thus seem that science should be far more conscious of her ignorance than of her knowledge, and should repudiate all pretensions to offer any judgment concerning the real nature of the universe with which her investigations are concerned, or any ultimate reality which may lie beyond. But, on the contrary, it appears to be assumed that whatever are her limitations, they include all knowledge, and that she is justified in pronouncing that beyond the bounds where she perforce must stop, there is, and can be, nothing whatever. Thus, as Sir Oliver Lodge tells us:¹ "Orthodox modern science shows us a self-contained and self-sufficient universe, not in touch with anything beyond or above itself—the general trend and outline of it known—nothing supernatural or miraculous, no intervention of beings other than ourselves, being conceived possible." Thus, it is clear, a clean sweep is at once made of all the elements which constitute religion, and this in the name of "orthodox" science, which is further described² as that which is now interpreted by the average Fellow of the Royal Society. To such, therefore, we must have recourse for all knowledge possible to us concerning everything which our souls desire to learn. And as to the general purport of their message there can be no doubt. Everything that savours of miracle, that is to say, all which does not proceed according to the laws

¹ P. 6.

² P. 25.

which science can observe and verify, becomes an absurdity. Prayer, for instance, as every Christian child understands it, is quite nonsensical—but it may be observed that when he speaks of prayer, Sir Oliver appears always to have in mind the obtaining of some material benefit, such as health or rain, and never to think of what the Catechism puts first—"the raising of our minds and hearts to God." So again, science is said to have disproved Original Sin—it has been irreverently said that she would not be satisfied on this point, unless she could find a fossil Eve, containing a fossil apple. In the same fashion are swept away all marvels in both Old and New Testament—the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection,¹ the raising of Lazarus, the multiplication of loaves and fishes, the change of water into wine. All such things, we are told, science forbids us to believe; but it is not very easy to understand upon what grounds. If any such things as these ever happened, they must manifestly have depended upon laws of which science has no cognizance, and can have none. The whole argument appears to rest on the assumption, already noted, that science must necessarily know all that there is to be known, and that whatever deficiencies have to be acknowledged in her methods, she yet remains after all the supreme arbiter of truth and falsehood. It has, we believe, been gravely suggested that the microscope should be called in to settle the question of Transubstantiation,—though we have not yet heard that it has been proposed to employ such a test to decide the exact poetic rank of Browning and Tennyson.

It is by no means easy to understand the processes of scientific thought in such a matter as this, and it is even more difficult to realize what is to be substituted for the religion which is abolished. For it is the great point of Sir Oliver's whole book that Science in his hands is to reconcile things

¹ Sir Oliver Lodge has written to the *Church Times* (Nov. 20) to complain that many readers and some reviewers have attributed to him what he describes as a "singular illusion," namely, that he wishes to deny the Christian Resurrection. To make his meaning on this point perfectly clear, he desires thus to amplify what he has said on the subject:

"The record may be taken as exact, without any need for assuming identity of material particles in the Resurrection body. The Appearances during the Forty Days are mysterious, but they can be accepted very much as they stand; for they agree with our experience of genuine psychical phenomena the world over."

How far such an explanation, which appears to rest on the principles favoured by the Psychical Research Society, is likely to satisfy either Science or Religion is another question.

which appear incompatible, and to leave religion to mankind, shielded under the ægis of Science.

What precisely this reconciliation may be is not very easy to understand, for the explanation cannot be styled lucid. The great point seems to be that inasmuch as we ourselves possess intelligence, free-will, and other higher qualities, these must exist in the Universe itself, and in that power at the back of it which we may call "God." This no doubt is sound reasoning, and likewise, by no means new. It is to be found, without the Pantheism which Sir Oliver deduces from it, in so old a book as the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius.¹ But as to religion on its more active and positive sides, things are more puzzling. As to prayer, for instance, this is all that Sir Oliver has to suggest.²

Supposing that we are open to influence from each other by non-corporeal methods, may we not be open also to influence from beings belonging to another order [How this "other order" comes in is not explained]. And if so, may we not be aided, inspired, guided, by a cloud of witnesses,—not witnesses only, but helpers, agents, like ourselves, of the immanent God?

Evidently, this does not get us very far, and although we are assured that³ "The region of true Religion and the region of a complete Science are one," we cannot help wondering how, if it should ever meet with general acceptance, a religion devised by a committee of the Royal Society, would meet the requirements of humanity; what manner of solace would such a religion be likely to furnish for the poor and infirm, the afflicted and persecuted, the widow and orphan? What strength would it furnish to resist temptation and bear up against sorrow? All this religion undoubtedly does, and it is for the struggling mass of mankind that religion is most needed. Sir Oliver looks for Faith in its most characteristic development in "the ecstatic insight aroused in a seer by some momentary revelation." But religion is a matter of every day life, and best appreciated by those who turn to it in every circumstance of their lives. If the world is to wait till those who know all there is to be known about electricity and radium and electrons have decided what creed rational men are justified in holding—then indeed it is a poor look-out for the world. As

¹ "Contemplation for obtaining the Love of God."

² P. 45.

³ P. 51.

we began by saying, Science would seem to have her head turned by her achievements, and to fancy that she has created the wonders which she is able to discover. It is something very different that is needed as the foundation of a religion, one, in fact, whom Sir Oliver Lodge describes¹ as "the most perfect of all the Sons of Men, the likeliest to God this planet ever saw, He to whom many look for their idea of what God is."

2.—THE PRINCIPLES OF LOGIC.²

Father Joyce's *Principles of Logic* is a solid piece of work and is sure to be welcomed as a useful contribution to Catholic philosophical literature. Nor, we trust, to Catholic philosophical literature only, though the standpoint of the author is Scholastic. The disposition of non-Catholic writers, if not so strongly as it was, is still, predominantly, to reject Scholasticism straight off as a system too hopelessly unfounded to be worthy of attention. Hence "the practice of what certain German writers have termed the 'leap over the Middle Ages' (*der Sprung über das Mittelalter*), has been universal; from Plotinus to Bacon has been regarded as a blank in the history of philosophy." Yet, when any modern thinker does arouse himself sufficiently to dip into the works of these Scholastic writers, he is prone to return with a much more favourable verdict. Thus von Hartmann pronounces this philosophy to be "a wonderful and close-knit system of thought, of which none can think lightly save those who have not overcome the bias of party-feeling, nor learnt to view things from an objective stand-point." But Father Joyce, in his Preface, dwells still more, and most rationally, on the place which this philosophy holds in the history and development of European thought. The medieval Scholastics were at least in the direct line of succession to the great thinkers of earlier generations, of Plato, of Aristotle, of Avicenna, of Averroes, nor were they uninfluenced by the Stoics, the Neo-Platonists, the Augustinians. If "continuity is the law of human progress," and "advance must ever be won by building on the foundations laid by our predecessors," it cannot but have been a grave error to break so

¹ P. 34.

² By George Hayward Joyce, S.J., M.A., Oriel College, Oxford, Professor of Logic at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. London: Longmans. 6s. 6d. net. 1908.

entirely with the medieval stage of the past, and pull out, in sheer ignorance of their character and quality, the layers on which those builders of European thought spent so much time and reflection. In one of Inigo Jones's reports on the requirements of Old St. Paul's, he recommended that the columns of the nave should be "encased in some good Roman facings to hide the crudeness of the old Gothic design." The question is whether a cognate process has not been followed in the architecture of philosophy, and whether the inevitable period of disillusionment is not to come in the one instance as in the other. Perhaps books like Father Joyce's, which, if we include those written in other tongues as well as in English, are multiplying at the present time, may contribute to hasten this most commendable reaction; for a principal reason for the modern neglect of Scholasticism has doubtless been the difficulty of understanding its language, and this difficulty is now being removed by the treatises referred to. In the volume before us, for instance, all is expounded in terms perfectly intelligible to the present-day student, and by one who shows himself as well acquainted with the theories now in vogue, and the works of their exponents, as he does with his own. Nor is he the exponent of a Scholasticism that has made no advances since the Middle Ages. This philosophical system has been a living system all through, and in the hands of able exponents has assimilated the new requirements of each age through which it has passed, and especially during the last few decades has profited greatly by the elaborations of Cardinal Mercier and his fellow-labourers, the Neo-Scholastics of Louvain. It is in this ultimate form that these *Principles of Logic* present it.

Father Joyce, following a practice which is convenient, if not strictly scientific, divides his book into two parts, treating in the first of the proper object of Logic, "the conceptual representation of the real order," and in the other of "the method of Science." As he writes for students who are making their first acquaintance with philosophical questions, a great part of his space is necessarily occupied with explaining the primary conceptions of Logic. Still, he has not confined himself to this elementary work, but has discussed the chief metaphysical and epistemological questions which confront the student desirous of a profounder knowledge of his subject. Among these we may refer to one or two. First, there is the question of the validity of the syllogism, which Mill disputed, charging it with

a virtual tautology. The minor, he said, only affirmed what had already been inclusively affirmed by the universal enunciated in the major. But Father Joyce puts his finger at once on the misconception in this charge. Mill was led astray by his own erroneous conception of the way in which general principles are reached by the mind. If they were reached by the simple process of perfect or imperfect enumeration of the particulars included, his charge of tautology could be justified. But the major "relates not to a collection of observed instances, but . . . to the nature regarded in the abstract." I have observed in a few instances that a cow is a ruminant, or that a salmon has scales. Then a cow I have never seen before, or a scaleless fish somewhat like a salmon, comes before me, and I know at once, and for certain, in virtue of the knowledge derived from my observation in a few instances, or even one, that this cow will ruminate and that fish is not a salmon. There is no vain tautology here, but real inference.

But is the syllogism the only possible mode of inference? This is the question raised and discussed so searchingly by Cardinal Newman. As it has become so topical lately, it is a pity, we think, that Father Joyce did not pay a fuller attention to it. Still, he indicates his mind, which is in accord with Newman's.

Some defenders [he says] of the syllogism have gone so far as to maintain that there is no such thing as non-syllogistic inference. . . . This is certainly an exaggeration. The characteristic mark of the syllogism is that it is an inference based on a general principle. It is emphatically the inference proper to scientific demonstration. But among the inferences which we draw daily, the greater number are not deductions from general principles; they are conclusions drawn from one or two concrete facts. When a jury, after weighing a mass of evidence, acquit or condemn a man accused of burglary, they undoubtedly infer; but they do not employ syllogistic reasoning. They form a critical estimate of what certain facts involve.

Of course no jury would be so pedantic as to cast its inference in such a case into syllogistic form, but are there not even here some latent general principles guiding them? They are searching for a cause, and they are guided by the general principles that the cause must be proportionate, and must be present. Then they use their critical judgment to determine what agents fulfil these conditions in the case before them.

This question is closely connected with another, on the nature of Induction, which it seems to us that the author has treated in a really masterly way. The impression among modern philosophers is that the medieval philosophers had no conception of any inductive method, save that by simple enumeration. This, says Father Joyce, is partly because the Scholastics are so inadequately read by the moderns, partly because they used the term *experientia* (*ἐμπειρία*), rather than *inductio*, to designate the process now called by this latter name. Nor, of course, had they such use for the Inductive Method as we have. Still, they understood the process much better than do those who follow in the footsteps of Bacon and Mill. Of these two thinkers, indeed, Bacon is hopelessly astray, as most will judge after reading his rules for inductive investigation, which Father Joyce transcribes. That Mill, though he has laid down some valuable rules for investigation, is astray in his explanation of their nature, is a point to which this volume pays a good deal of attention, and, we think, successfully.

The book contains up and down some acute criticisms of theories associated with such names as Herbart, Bradley, Bosanquet, Jevons, T. H. Green, Whetham, Keynes, Venn, and others, and it is to the credit of the author that he can express his criticism with brevity as well as lucidity. It should be added that, in view of the requirements of students, twenty-five Exercises are given, the questions contained in them being taken, by permission, from those set in recent University or Indian Civil Service papers. Just one complaint. It is a pity that so good a book should have so insufficient an Index. Let us hope this defect may be remedied in due time.

3.—MADAME ELIZABETH DE FRANCE.¹

The sad story of the last days of Louis XVI. and his family will always retain its pathetic interest, and few educated readers are unfamiliar with its incidents. But one member of the family, though her fine qualities, indeed her saintliness, have been duly

¹ *Madame Elizabeth de France, 1764—1794.* By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford. With illustrations. London: Edward Arnold. Pp. xv. 304. Price 12s. 6d. net. 1908.

recognized, has always figured as a side character in the accounts of the tragedy for English readers. This is the Princess Elizabeth, the youngest sister of Louis XVI., whom Mrs. Maxwell-Scott has now made the subject of a special and really beautiful book, "in the hope of more fully revealing the character of this admirable and charming princess." The chief authority for her life is necessarily M. de Beauchesne, who, in 1869, supplemented his previously published six volumes on the royal family generally with two on the Princess Elizabeth. More recently, in 1883, the Duc de Cars edited the memoirs of the Duchesse de Tourzel, who was *gouvernante* to the Dauphin, and shared the lot of the royal party on their arrest and imprisonment, until she was forcibly removed from them in August, 1792. Quite recently, some further details have been brought to light by M. Lenôtre and others, all of which Mrs. Maxwell-Scott has utilized for her narrative. Between the Princess Elizabeth and the King and Queen a tender affection had always subsisted, and when, on October 5, 1789, the mob attacked Versailles, she left in haste her own house at Montreuil, and went to join the royal family. She possessed the characteristic which the King with all his devotion to his people lacked. She could be decisive, and not shrink even from stern measures, and she besought her brother not to yield by going to Paris. Apparently it was the best policy, but Louis always shrank from drawing the sword, and consented to play the game of his enemies by putting himself in their power. His sister then resolved to share the fate of the stricken family. She followed them to the Tuileries, and as the necessary consequence of her devotedness, was imprisoned with them at the Temple to which they were transferred three years later. Their sorrows had a refining effect on the whole family, and their lives during those sad years of their captivity were the lives of saints; but all through Madame Elizabeth was the chief support on which they leaned. "Her life," the King said, when his end was approaching, "has been all affection, devotedness, and courage." When the King's death made the lot of the widowed Queen still more heavy to bear, and when it was even further saddened by the removal of her little son, it was ever the Princess Elizabeth who sustained and strengthened her. When the Queen herself was carried off to her mock trial and death, it seemed as if the Princess's life was spared for a few months longer only that she might prepare her young niece for the days when, notwith-

standing her tender years, she would be left alone to pursue her difficult path.

The time came at length for Madame Elizabeth's own martyrdom. Quiet and dignified was her appearance as she stood before her judges and confounded them by the very simplicity and straightforwardness of her replies. Then when she was taken back to her prison to await the time fixed for her execution, she found herself in the midst of a company of other victims, to be slain solely on account of their aristocratic origin. It was a last occasion for the exercise of her powers as a consoler, and nobly did she meet it. Perhaps, though it is hard to choose, this is the episode in which Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's delicate narrative becomes most striking and pathetic. We may quote from the description of the final scene of all, as illustrating the spiritual means with which the Princess had prepared her pupils (shall we call them so?) for the supreme moment of their trial.

At the foot of the scaffold was a bench for the condemned ; it had been placed there in prudence, it is presumed, as so many were to be executed that it was feared some would lose courage and faint, but none faltered. Encouraged by the presence and look of the King's sister, each went bravely to death. The first name called was that of Mme. de Crussol. She rose at once, and, bowing before the Princess, asked whether she might embrace her. "Very willingly, and with all my heart," was the reply, and she gave her "the kiss of adieu, of death, and of glory." All the women who followed were given the same mark of affection : the men, as they mounted the steps, bowed reverently to their Princess. . . . While her companions were going to death she was repeating the Psalm *De profundis* as she waited her turn. As the twenty-third victim bowed before her, she said, "Courage, and faith in the mercy of God !" and then rose to be ready for her summons. She went up the scaffold steps with a firm tread, and, looking up to Heaven, allowed the executioner to seize her and bind her. . . . Immediately afterwards the pure soul of Elizabeth de France passed to its reward.

Many beautifully-reproduced illustrations, chiefly portraits of the noble victims mentioned in the text, add to the charm of a fine book.

4.—A BLIND GUIDE.¹

We have no fault to find with Mr. Wells for determining to make the public manifestation of conscience embodied in his latest work. His motive in so doing does not seem to spring from any inflated sense of self-importance, but from a notion that the public who read his entertaining romances may possibly be interested in a formal revelation of his mind and character. The genesis of the work, indeed, suggests that he has mainly in view people of his own way of thinking, or such as are willing to follow his leading, but he may rest assured that others will find profit in it as well, such profit, be it added, as the youthful Spartans found when contemplating the antics of an inebriated Helot. We readily admit that it is only with a view to such profit that we invite our readers' attention to this work. It is a striking object-lesson of the results which follow the denial of the ability of reason to reach with certainty objective truth. The sincerity of purpose which Mr. Wells professes and doubtless feels does not make the spectacle of his intellectual flounderings less repulsive to all who have a proper regard for man's noblest prerogative. He has made an "awful example" of himself.

In his Introduction Mr. Wells describes the conditions out of which his essay arose, and incidentally gives a graphic picture of the intellectual chaos which follows the rejection of the Christian explanation of the Universe. Speaking of his "emancipated" associates, he says :

We were all, we found, extremely uncertain in our outlook upon life, about our religious feelings and in our ideas of right and wrong. And yet we reckoned ourselves people of the educated class, and some of us talk and lecture and write with considerable confidence. . . . We astonished ourselves and our hearers by the irregular and fragmentary nature of the creeds we produced, clotted at one point, inconsecutive at another, inconsistent and unconvincing to a quite unexpected degree.²

We are afraid that Mr. Wells' effort to remedy this state of things, as far as he himself is concerned, has not been very

¹ *First and Last Things: a Confession of Faith and Rule of Life.* By H. G. Wells. Pp. xii, 246. Price, 4s. 6d. net. London: Constable and Co.

² Introduction, p. ix.

successful. The catastrophe which follows when the blind leads the blind will surely overtake any one who confides in his guidance. For Mr. Wells begins by putting out his eyes. Because hasty sense-impressions are sometimes misleading and need correction, because our direct intuitions concern only phenomena, because our knowledge of the inner nature of things is reached by inference alone and is necessarily imperfect, he denies the possibility of mental certitude. He cannot, or at any rate does not, distinguish between truth which is transcendental, *i.e.*, not dependent upon experimental verification, and truth which concerns the uniformities of physical nature or the trustworthiness of human testimony. Mr. Wells is a universal sceptic. He tells us, as a result of an excursion into metaphysics,¹ that

Of everything we need to say: this is true, but it is not quite true.²

Mr. Wells has been a schoolmaster and taught mathematics. We trust that he did not introduce the axioms of geometry to his class with the above formula. Can we conceive mathematics or any exact science being taught after the following fashion? "It is true that two and two make four, but, of course, only approximately." "Yes, two straight lines cannot enclose a space, *i.e.* not always." "The whole is greater than its part, unless, indeed, under certain circumstances they are equal." Or finally—"A thing cannot both be and not be at the same time and under the same aspect, at least not in this plane of experience, however it be in others." Yet these absurd statements would be quite in accordance with Mr. Wells' tenets. This is what comes of tampering with the foundations of knowledge, those great axiomatic principles which are essential to all rational thought and speech. Mr. Wells contradicts himself by the very fact of writing this book. In attempting to argue, to persuade, to prove and explain, he is assuming the validity of those processes which he theoretically denies. No wonder

¹ In common with many other sciolists he calmly assumes that the discussion of metaphysics ceased with Aristotle and was not revived till modern times. Truly, there is nothing so provincial as the merely scientific mind. What they don't know isn't knowledge—

They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world.

² P. 43.

he deprecates the "challenge to be consistent"¹ and aims at disabusing himself from the "superstition of the binding nature of definitions and the exactness of logic." He knows his whole system would collapse if brought to the test of sane and coherent thought. For the rest, his objections to Logic are simply puerile. In seeming ignorance of the distinction between Formal and Applied Logic, *i.e.* between the science which deals with the laws of thought as thought and that which concerns the correspondence of the thinking mind with the object thought of, he complains that logicians claim for the latter that rigidity and absoluteness which belong to the former alone. Thus he objects to the collecting of objects into classes on the ground that no two individual things are identically alike! He denies, in other words, the validity of that process of universalizing which is an essential property of human reason and without which thought and speech and human intercourse would be impossible. He would assert for chairs and tables what St. Thomas says of the angels, *viz.*, that each individual is a species in itself.

In co-operation with an intelligent joiner [he boasts] I would undertake to defeat any definition of chair or chairiness that you gave me.²

Here we see one awkward result of the modern refusal to consider all things as composed of substance and accident, or essence and inherent qualities. For unless things had a common nature which can be expressed in general terms we should be obliged to find a separate name for all created objects.

Again, Mr. Wells says—

The logician begins by declaring that S is either P or not P. In the world of fact *it is the rarest thing* to encounter this absolute alternative: S₁ is pink, but S₂ is pinker, S₃ is scarcely pink at all, and one is in doubt whether S₄ is not properly to be called scarlet.³

Here our ingenuous critic, so far as he is intelligible, takes as a distinguishing quality between different objects, a property which is indefinite (for a colour admits of many shades), and on the strength of that illustration claims to disprove the principle of the Excluded Middle! Absolute alternatives rare! Why,

¹ P. 31.

² P. 16.

³ P. 19. Italics ours.

one could spend hours in enumerating them. They exist in the world of fact wherever we can find two real contradictories.

Enough has been quoted to show the slipshod irrational character of Mr. Wells' philosophy. He goes on in the rest of the book to apply this philosophy to belief and conduct, and the edifice is worthy of its foundation. We do not propose to examine it in detail, for every page contains a new absurdity. Mr. Wells, for instance, is a Pantheist.

Now my most comprehensive belief about the external and the internal and myself is that they make one universe in which I and every part are ultimately important. That is quite an arbitrary act of my mind.¹

And of course his Pantheism issues, as Pantheism must, in a denial of absolute morality.

There are many various motives and motives very variously estimated—some are called gross, some sublime, some, such as pride, wicked. I do not readily accept these classifications. . . . I decline to dismiss any of my motives at all in that wholesale way. Just as I believe I am important in the scheme of things so I believe are all my motives.²

Much more to me than the desire to live, is the desire to taste life. I am not happy until I have done and felt things. I want to get as near as I can to the thrill of a dog going into a fight or the delight of a bird in the air. . . . I want to know something of the jolly wholesome satisfaction that a hungry pig must find in its wash.³

It is not difficult to see what such unbridled curiosity must lead to. Yet in spite of his Pantheism he quite inconsistently upholds Free Will; facts in this case being too much for his theories. Again, in the politico-social sphere he is a Socialist, and hopes, in that irrational way Socialists have, that the destruction of the supernatural sanctions for morality will result in a higher and nobler race of men. But despite high-sounding phrases, his views on purity and abstinence, his ignoring of all sin which is not anti-social, the exceptions he would allow to the sacred conventions that regulate the intercourse of the sexes, point unmistakably to the ethics of the monkey-house.

¹ P. 47.

² Pp. 56, 57.

³ Pp. 59, 60.

The epithets he applies to the Immaculate Conception, by which name he ignorantly designates the Virginal Birth of our Lord, can only be described as inspired by the devil. We are reminded perforce of St. Paul's "animal man," for here we have him self-confessed.

But the Christian Christ in none of his three characteristic phases, neither as the magic babe, . . . nor as the white-robed, spotless miracle-worker, nor as the fierce unreal torment [*sic*] of the cross, comes close to my soul. I do not understand the Agony in the Garden; to me it is like a scene from a play in an unknown tongue. . . . The Christian's Christ is too fine for me, not incarnate enough, not flesh enough, not earth enough. He was never foolish and hot-eared and inarticulate, never vain, he never forgot things, nor tangled his miracles.¹

And so, not understanding "what belongs to the Spirit of God," incapable of appreciating ideal holiness, purity, meekness, and love, Mr. Wells, in search of some one to look up to, falls back on—Oliver Goldsmith!²

We have delayed too long over a preposterous book. Mr. Wells as a man may be, for many men are better than their theories, all that is good and amiable; as a writer of imaginative tales he has had well-deserved success; as a philosopher, a theorizer on life and conduct, we must pronounce him a ludicrous failure. May he some day have the wisdom to recognize the fact.

5.—TWO WORKS ON MORAL THEOLOGY.³

The second part of Father Slater's Moral Theology in English has followed the first which we noticed in July with commendable promptitude. This volume is concerned principally with the Sacraments, which are treated first in general and then individually. Then follow treatises on Censures, Irregularities

¹ P. 87.

² P. 86.

³ *A Manual of Moral Theology for English-Speaking Countries.* By Rev. T. Slater, S.J. Vol. II. New York: Benziger. Pp. 552. Price, 11s. 1908.

Tractatus de Sacramento Poenitentiae, olim editus a R. D. P. Dens, nunc vero in meliorem formam redactus, etc. Editio quarta. Mechlin: H. Dessain. Pp. 303. 1908.

and Indulgences, whilst the Legislation of the Index, the Decree on Marriage and on the Reconstruction of the Roman Curia, are contained in the Appendix. On subjects so well-worn, little new was to be expected, if we except, indeed, the Sacrament of Matrimony, which is treated with full and explicit reference to recent Papal legislation. It is in this treatment that the chief value of the book lies, and it leaves little to be desired. Elsewhere we sometimes feel that expositions of doctrine might be clearer and fuller. We have to supply qualifications, reasons for positive laws, degrees of moral obligation and the like. It would not, of course, be possible so to write that no amount of malice or ignorance could misconceive one's meaning, still, as this book is intended for English readers, who are not necessarily theologians, more care in avoiding technical words or phrases and guarding against ambiguities might have been exercised. However, these two volumes are a valuable addition to our theological literature, for they contain in easily-accessible form much useful matter that is not to be found collected elsewhere, and, moreover, provide, by a series of notes from the pen of an American Jesuit, for the divergent needs of the United States. The second volume contains an Index to both.

Father Slater's work is not intended as a book of ultimate reference. For subtler points of conscience, exceptional usages, proofs and detailed reasons, &c., recourse must still be had to the classic compendiums, of which the second volume quoted below is an excellent specimen. It is a storehouse of orderly information, full of the accumulated wisdom of years of experience, admirably arranged and brought up to date, useful not only to the theological student, but to the confessor already employed in his high and difficult task.

6.—THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ROME BEFORE SIXTUS V.¹

It is curious what strange relics of the past have found their way, often by devious channels, into the great national collections of this northern land of ours. If anyone wanted to

¹ *Roma prima di Sisto V.* By Francesco Ehrle, S.J. Rome: Danesi. 1908.

write a history of Papal conclaves in the seventeenth century, we believe that nowhere in Europe could he find a larger collection of "piante," the plans of the cells of the immured Cardinals, than he would have under his hands at the British Museum, though the engravings in question are strangely scattered, some being found among the Printed Books, some in the Map Room, some in the Department of Prints and Drawings, some under the charge of the Keeper of Manuscripts. So again, it is the British Museum which preserves the only known drawings of the famous cope-clasp of Benvenuto Cellini and of the jewelled tiara of Pope Julius II. And now when Father Ehrle, the well-known librarian of the Vatican, sets to work to edit the best and most authoritative plan of Rome earlier than the time of Sixtus V., it is in the British Museum that he finds a unique copy of the great *Pianta di Roma*, engraved by Du Pérac and Lafréry, in 1577, and it is from the photographs taken, and excellently taken, at the Museum and sent out to Italy that the firm of Danesi have issued this magnificent reproduction in the exact size of the original, that is nearly three feet in length, and nearly two and a half feet broad. To speak first of the reproduction itself, we may say that it is in every way satisfactory. There is not a feature or name decipherable in the engraving which may not easily be read in Messrs. Danesi's facsimile. Even the slight unevenness of toning which was perceptible in the sectional photographs and the traces of the creases in which the map has been folded have been almost entirely removed by the skill of Danesi's artists. For all who are in any way interested in the topography of Rome in the time of St. Ignatius and St. Philip Neri, of St. Pius V. and St. Charles Borromeo, the possession of this work becomes absolutely indispensable. Due regard being had to its size and the care with which it has been edited and reproduced, the published price of 15 lire is by no means excessive.

But not the least valuable part of the purchaser's bargain is the admirable monograph (bibliographical, however, rather than topographical) which Father Ehrle has published to accompany the chart itself. We say that this essay is primarily a study in bibliography, but for all that it supplements in a variety of ways the data which may be gathered from a study of the streets, public buildings, walls, and natural features as delineated in the map. In particular, Father Ehrle, thanks as he informs us to

the "squisita gentilezza" of Mr. Thomas Ashby, the director of the English School in Rome, has been enabled to reproduce two large sections, with other minor cuts, of a second and modified edition of the same map which was brought out in 1640. It is most interesting to compare the changes which have been introduced in the later engraving, although the work of revision was in many parts very perfunctory and incomplete, the whole region of the Lateran, as Father Ehrle points out, being allowed to appear in almost exactly the condition in which it existed in 1577 before the changes of Sixtus V. But the more considerable part of the Vatican librarian's essay is devoted to an account of the two Frenchmen who were the actual engravers of the map, Stephen Du Pérac and Anthony Lafréry, and in particular to the history of the great engraving and publishing firm with which they were connected and which is commonly known by Lafréry's name. We cannot here enter into details of the many interesting particulars which Father Ehrle is enabled to set before us regarding the great engraving business which Lafréry by his amalgamation with Antonio Salamanca seems to have founded in Rome. In an Appendix many documents are printed of quite remarkable interest, among which we may specially note the terms of the agreement drawn up in 1553 between Salamanca and Lafréry, when they first joined their forces. Even more attractive to the general reader will be the copy which is given of the catalogue of the engravings in sheets and of engraved books which the Lafréry firm issued in 1572. It is curious to note that amongst the list of maps those of the British Isles occupy almost the first place; on the other hand, among the plans of cities no English town is included, though Lafréry sold plans both of Calais and Boulogne, probably, so far as we can see, because both were regarded as fortresses. Altogether this handsome, and for all specialists, quite indispensable work, seems to us to reflect the greatest credit upon both publisher and editor. It is surely destined to prove a real boon to any student who is interested in the topographical history of what, in spite of countless changes physical and political, is none the less the Eternal City.

Short Notices.

COLONEL TURTON'S *The Truth of Christianity* (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., 2s. 6d. net), judging by the increasing size and frequency of the editions published, evidently supplies a real want. The author is to be congratulated on the appearance of the seventh edition (of 8,000 copies, making 20,000 in all) which he has enlarged and improved in several particulars. We shall not, we trust, be thought to belittle the warm appreciation with which the work has been generally received, and in which we ourselves have from time to time joined, by remarking that from a Catholic standpoint the Colonel's treatise is not ideally satisfactory. We miss the fulness of treatment and logical precision to be found in the best works of our philosophers. Much more can be established on grounds of reason alone and established with greater certainty than is attempted in this book. The Colonel sometimes seems shy of pushing his arguments to their logical results. After, for instance, stating some of the arguments for the existence of an Intelligent Creator, he contents himself with concluding that the existence of God is exceedingly likely. The Catholic cannot rest there, for he knows on the infallible authority of the Church that, by unaided natural reason, God's existence can be demonstrated with certainty. Moreover, in such books as Hettinger's *Natural Religion* and Boedder's *Natural Theology*, the Catholic will find the various arguments brought by atheist and sceptic and agnostic against God and revelation dealt with more fully and effectively than the Colonel has found possible in his space. But there is still room among works of Catholic apologetic for a popular defence of natural and revealed religion which shall combine accuracy of thought with avoidance of technical phraseology, and, until such a work appears, we may cordially recommend Colonel Turton's book to the Catholic public.

Seven years ago in November we reviewed the first edition of *Roads to Rome* (Kegan Paul, 5s.), the compiler of which proclaims himself, in the third edition now before us, to be Mr. Godfrey Raupert, the well-known anti-Spiritualist lecturer. The book has been altered very slightly, some half-dozen anonymous contributions having been omitted, and one additional account inserted, and the editor deals in the Preface with various criticisms on his work. It remains a useful and instructive record of the action of the Holy Spirit on minds of very various constitution, showing how individual the process of conversion, at least in its earlier stages, must necessarily be, and how costly the purchase of the pearl of great price very constantly is.

Mr. Charles Hart, of St. Cuthbert's, Newcastle, by the issue of the second volume of his *Manual of Bible History* (Washbourne, 2s. 6d. net), dealing with the New Testament, has brought to an end a highly creditable and useful piece of work. We welcomed his *Old Testament* two years ago as

a volume which treated a very tangled period of human history with admirable lucidity, and we are glad to recognize the same quality in the present work. It is in the form of a running commentary on the Gospels and Acts, which sets events in their proper order and traces their connection. The author has wisely confined himself to traditional and orthodox views in his notes and explanations. In these two volumes, well bound and printed, our schools are provided with all that is necessary for an intelligent appreciation of the history contained in the Sacred Scriptures.

Of Lady Amabel Kerr we may say that "being dead, she speaketh still," for the C.T.S. have just issued a charming little volume, found amongst the MSS. she left, on **Christopher Columbus** (2s. 6d. net). The MS., though completed, was not revised for the press, but that has been done by Father Thurston, who has added various critical notes, sometimes in correction of statements in the text, from material which the authoress had not to her hand. The result is a highly interesting volume, the suitability of which as a gift-book is unquestioned, for, besides the delineation of a noble and devoted character, we find twelve quaint and finely reproduced prints, illustrating the romantic career of the great discoverer.

In **The Cardinal Democrat: Henry Edward Manning** (Kegan Paul: 5s.) Miss Taylor gives an excellent account of the great Churchman's politico-social work, that zealous action on behalf of all oppressed by unjust legislation or unmoral economic conditions, which won for him the title of "The Working-Men's Cardinal." There was room for such an account, for, in the chief Life that has hitherto appeared, that by Mr. Purcell, the Cardinal's social work, as Miss Taylor points out, occupies only 85 pages, whilst the wholly-unimportant negotiations that preceded his elevation to the See of Westminster extend to some 200. Miss Taylor writes with intelligence and from adequate knowledge, and she is not afraid to have and state decided views on matters wherein the Cardinal was most sharply criticized, such as the Social Purity crusade, the Home Rule Movement, the question of the Temporal Power, and the like. Whilst we are waiting for the definitive Life of Henry Edward Manning, Miss Taylor's sketch will serve to perpetuate the memory of his great achievements and the inspiration of his example.

In **THE MONTH**, just a year ago, Father H. Thurston introduced to our readers the important work of Cardinal Rampolla on St. Melania of Rome. He has, therefore, been fitly chosen to edit the **Life of St. Melania**, which, translated from the Italian by Miss E. Leahy, Messrs. Burns and Oates have lately published. In his Preface, Father Thurston explains what relation this volume bears to the immense folio issued by his Eminence, with all its equipment of erudition. It is a translation of the Cardinal's history of the times of the Saint, and of his version of the events of her life, into which have been inserted at fitting places passages from the original Life, the subject of his learned labours. The whole makes a very readable volume, impressing one with the immense vitality of Christianity which could exist amidst, aye, and leaven the corrupt society of the last days of the united Roman Empire.

A book of considerable importance, and one which may justly claim to fill a gap, is Professor A. Villien's **Histoire des Commandements de l'Eglise** (Paris: Gabalda, 3 fr. 50). We may have wondered when the commandments of the Church which we find in our Catechisms were promulgated, why there are just six and no more, why these particular six, and so forth.

All this information and much more Père Villien gives us in his erudite volume, where the history of each commandment is given from its first appearance in ecclesiastical legislation and traced through all its forms and degrees of urgency in different ages of the Church. We know of no other work on the subject that exhibits such research, or that can be more cordially recommended to students of Catholic origins.

A very welcome addition to the *St. Nicholas Series*, which we have so often recommended, is **William Cardinal Allen** (Macdonald and Evans, 2s. net), from the pen of its accomplished editor, Dom Bede Camm. English Catholics owe an unending debt of gratitude to the man whom Providence raised up to keep the Faith alive in England during the reign of Elizabeth, and the comparative obscurity into which the name of Cardinal Allen has been allowed to fall is something of a reproach to them. Dom Bede's little book will, we trust, do a great deal to remove that reproach, for he tells the story of a devoted life in an extremely attractive way. In one point, it would appear, the learned author has not taken into account the most recent investigations into the career of his subject. We do not think he is justified in stating that Allen's interference with politics began only in 1585 when he was in Rome with Father Persons, and that it was due to the influence of the latter. According to evidence quoted in *THE MONTH*, Allen, nearly ten years previously, was consulted on Don John's "English Enterprise," of which he approved.¹ But we must remember that the scope of Dom Bede's work does not allow an exhaustive treatment of the political events of the time, to the changing condition of which, rather than to anyone's personal initiative, may be ascribed the change in missionary methods in England. Mr. Chévalier Taylor's bright illustrations add much to the charm of the book.

Madge Make-the-Best-of-It is the name of Mrs. Frances Blundell's contribution to the same series. It is a pretty little story of the trials and the success of an English girl, who goes abroad as a governess to retrieve the family fortunes. It should do admirably as a Christmas prize or present.

Two other books which are doubtless meant to have the like *raison d'être* come to us from Messrs. Burns and Oates, viz., **Princess Melody**, by Florence M. Mulholland, illustrated by L. D. Symington; and **The Kings and the Cats**, *Munster Fairy Tales*, retold by J. Hannon and illustrated by Louis Wain; both priced at 2s. 6d. net. They both make beautiful gift-books, being printed at the Arden Press and plentifully adorned with pictures. The first-named contains a number of fairy-tales gracefully imagined and told; the second opens a fresh source of folk-lore, which is more interesting, as the old fairy-tales always had a wise old moral embodied in them.

Father Bearné's books are at once the delight and the despair of busy reviewers. They should be so easily "sampled," for never did a writer keep so consistently at a high level of excellence. He does not put his best into the first story of a batch, like a fraudulent mine-salter, nor allow himself to grow slipshod as he goes on. But, on the other hand, this very uniformity of style and sustained interest makes it difficult to lay the book down when, in view of other claims, one should. Well, we have laid **Claud**

¹ See *The Politics of English Catholics during the reign of Elizabeth*, by J. H. Pollen, S.J., *THE MONTH*, March, 1902.

Denvil: Artist (C.T.S., 2s. 6d. net.) down at last, and we hasten to urge our readers to take it up. They may do so in one large handsome volume, nicely bound with a design by Raymund Binns, or, if they choose to take their pleasure more economically, in twelve penny numbers. But they would be wise not to touch it in either shape, if they have to catch a train, keep an appointment or prepare a meal, in the immediate future.

Miss (or Mrs.) Isabel Hope has written an excellent "controversial" novel in **The Treasure and the Field** (Sands and Co., 3s. 6d. net), for she manages to combine a story which is interesting in itself, with a really able and convincing disentangling of the truth from the various husks of error, in which rejection of the idea of an infallible teaching Church has involved it. The argument is developed with such skill and persuasiveness, and with such an absence of the spirit of ridicule which mars so many books of the kind that we really think that no sincere Protestant, no one, *i.e.*, who is free from reasonable doubt as to the truth of his or her religion, will be able to read it with a safe conscience. By an odd but suggestive blunder, an Anglican vicar is made, on p. 141, to speak of his "incumbrancy."

Last January we reviewed and commended *L'Education du Caractère*, by Père M. S. Gillet, O.P. We have now from the same hand a second volume of similar University Conferences entitled **La Virilité Chrétienne** (Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie., 3.50 fr.), which form a fitting sequel to the former. Here he traces with admirable clearness the qualities which pertain to Christian manhood, showing that human nature reaches its due development only under the stimulus and with the help of grace, but maintaining the necessary distinction between the two. Natural and supernatural virtues must be cultivated together, and neither can be neglected without injuring the other. In face of the modern fashion of estimating character quite apart from religious belief and practice, the learned Dominican's eloquent words convey a very useful lesson.

Catholics are now paying a tardy homage to the essentially Catholic poetry of the late Francis Thompson. They have not, we fear, even begun to appreciate the work of another Catholic poet who died in 1902. It is true that Lionel Johnson was a convert, and that some of his poetry was written before his conversion, but his best verse reflects that serene outlook on Time and Eternity that belongs to the Faith. Mr. Elkin Mathews has published **Selections from the Poems of Lionel Johnson** (1s. net.), a dainty volume which should find a place alongside Thompson's *Selected Poems* in every Catholic library.

No one can say **The Dream of Gerontius** has lacked appreciation. The latest proof of its enduring popularity is a bijou edition in the "Sanctuary Booklets," published by Mr. Allenson for 6d.

From a poet still alive we have a pretty little Christmas Book—**Cantate Puero: Verses on the Holy Childhood** (C.T.S., 6d.), by David Bearne, S.J. Employing a large variety of metrical forms, Father Bearne is always scholarly in his workmanship and devoutly imaginative in his conceptions.

As far as we can gather from a rather vague preface by the editor, there are two authors at work in the **Harp of the Eucharist** (Washbourne, 9d. paper, 1s. 3d. cloth), one designated by the initials M. R. B. W., which appear on the title-page, and one called "Doctrina," who signs various contributions in the text. Without discriminating between the two, we may describe the whole as a metrical commentary on various aspects of the

Blessed Eucharist, viewed in type and in fulfilment. With such a high theme, these reflections cannot fail to be noble; they are often, but not always, melodiously expressed.

The Sin of Socialism, by Henry Cloriston (London Literary Alliance, 6d. net), is a tract in the form of a story, intended to show the unjust incidence of taxation which has resulted from recent semi-socialistic legislation. The author has a cultivated style and a good grasp of moral principles. He weakens his case, however, by implying that suicide can in some cases be a justifiable protest against social injustice.

The C.T.S. have issued both parts of Mr. Cecil Lylburn's **Our Faith** as a shilling booklet. We recommend it as an excellent exposition of various distinctively Catholic doctrines, adapted to answer satisfactorily the inquiries of Christians of other creeds about Catholicism.

We have received the fifth part of Messrs. Benziger's **Round the World** (3s.), which is a kind of eclectic encyclopædia of travel, devoted to describing various forms of human activity in different parts of the globe, and copiously illustrated.

Catholic church musicians are indebted to the publishing house of Cary and Co. (Oxford Circus Avenue) for the best Benediction manual we possess, several collections of motets, a great number of Masses by modern composers, and much organ music. Many of the recent publications of this enterprising firm have been issued to meet the demand for the style of modern church music ordered or recommended by the ecclesiastical authorities, music, namely, in which the emotional element is severely restricted, and the arrangement of the words is strictly liturgical; music easy of performance, but sound and good of its kind. Of such style of work the **Missa Fidelium**, by Dom Samuel Ould, O.S.B., and **The Mass of St. Benedict**, by Richard B. Mason, are useful examples, and may safely be recommended to organists and choir masters.

We have received an advance copy of **Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century**, by Dr. John Kirk, edited by Father Pollen and Dr. Burton (Burns and Oates). This is an interesting and unusual book, in which, with its quaint pictures of the Georgian clergy, we feel we shall find much to relish. Want of time compels us to defer further notice to a future number.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

*(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)**Allenson, London:*

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS (Sanctuary Booklets, No. 2) : By Cardinal Newman. Pp. 98. Price, 6d. net. 1908.

Arnold, London:

MADAME ELIZABETH DE FRANCE : By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. Pp. xv, 304. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1908.

Benziger Brothers, New York:

A MANUAL OF MORAL THEOLOGY. Vol. II.: By Rev. T. Slater. Pp. 522. Price, 11s. 1908. ROUND THE WORLD. Part V. Pp. 215. Price, 3s. 1908.

Burns and Oates, Ltd., London:

PRINCESS MELODY: By Florence Mulholland. Illustrated by L. D. Symington. Pp. 89. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1908. THE KING AND THE CATS: By John Hannon. Illustrated by Louis Wain. Pp. xiii, 78. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1908.

Cary and Co., London:

MISSA FIDELIUM, the Common of the Mass set to Music by Dom Samuel Ould, O.S.B. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1908. MASS OF ST. BENEDICT: By Richard B. Mason. 1s. net. 1908.

Catholic Truth Society, London:

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: By Lady Amabel Kerr. Pp. 198. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1908. OUR FAITH: By Cecil Lylburn. Pp. 194. Price, 1s. cloth. 1908. CANTATE PUERO: By Rev. D. Bearne, S.J., Pp. 37. Price, 6d. 1908. "CLAUD DENVIL" SERIES OF STORIES, 6—12: By Rev. D. Bearne, S.J. Price, 1d. each. 1908. CLAUD DENVIL: ARTIST: By D. Bearne, S.J. Pp. 362. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1908.

Constable, London:

FIRST AND LAST THINGS: By H. G. Wells. Pp. xii, 246. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1908. STUDIES AND MEMORIES: By C. V. Stanford. Pp. xi, 212. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1908.

Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie., Bruges:

LA VIRILITE CHRETIENNE: By Rev. P. Gillet. Pp. 450. Price, 3.50 fr. 1908.

Elkin Mathews, London:

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF LIONEL JOHNSON: Edited by Clement Shorter. Pp. 64. Price, 1s. net. 1908.

Gabalda et Cie., Paris:

L'EGLISE NAISSANTE ET LE CATHOLICISME: Par Pierre Batiffol. Pp. xiv, 502. Price, 4 fr. 1909. HISTOIRE DES COMMANDEMENTS DE L'EGLISE: Par l'Abbé A. Villien. Pp. xii, 357. Price, 3.50 fr. 1908.

Gili, Barcelona :

TRACTATUS DE VERA RELIGIONE: auctore Joanne Muncunill, S.J. Pp. viii, 423. Price, 8 pesetas. 1908. VIDA DE SANTA TERESA DE JESUS: por el P. F. de Ribera, S.J. Nueva Edición, por el P. Jaime Pons, S.J. Pp. xxxii, 186. Price, 8 pesetas. 1908. MIS CANCIONES: por el P. R. del Valle Ruiz, O.S.A. Pp. 191. 1908.

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., London :

THE CARDINAL DEMOCRAT: HENRY EDWARD MANNING: By I. A. Taylor. Pp. vi, 250. Price, 5s. 1908.

Longmans, Green, and Co., London :

HENRY STUART: CARDINAL OF YORK: By Alice Shield. Pp. xvi, 353. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1908. THE MAID OF FRANCE: By Andrew Lang. Pp. xvi, 379. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1908. PRINCIPLES OF LOGIC. By G. H. Joyce, S.J., M.A. Pp. xx, 431. Price, 6s. 6d. net. 1908.

London Literary Alliance :

THE SIN OF SOCIALISM: By Henry Cloriston. Pp. 39. Price, 6d. net. 1908.

Macdonald and Evans, London :

WILLIAM CARDINAL ALLEN: By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Pp. xii, 194. Price, 2s. net (six illustrations in colour). 1908. MADGE MAKE-THE-BEST-OF-IT: By M. E. Francis. Pp. 174. Price, 2s. net (six illustrations in colour). 1908.

Macmillan, London :

LOLLARDY AND THE REFORMATION: AN HISTORICAL SURVEY: By J. Gairdner. 2 Vols. Pp. vii, 578; vi, 506. Price, 21s. net. 1908.

Methuen, London :

THE GILDS AND COMPANIES OF LONDON: By George Unwin. Pp. xvi, 398. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1908.

Sands and Co., London :

THE TREASURE AND THE FIELD: By Isabel Hope. Pp. 190. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1908.

Smith, Elder, and Co., London :

THE MAN OF THE MASK: By A. S. Barnes, M.A. Pp. viii, 345. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1908.

Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., London :

THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY: By Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton. Seventh Edition. Pp. 604. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1908.

R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd., London :

A MANUAL OF BIBLE HISTORY, Vol. II., THE NEW TESTAMENT: Charles Hart, B.A. Pp. xxviii, 410. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1908. THE HARP OF THE EUCHARIST: By M. R. B. W., Tertiary, O.S.D. Pp. 48. Price (paper), 9d. 1908.

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A. Bayot.—An unprinted Treatise on the Great Schism.
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J. Selbst.—Questions of the Hour: The Lourdes Miracles and their Explanation.

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- R. Ruiz Amado.*—The University of Oxford.
E. Portello.—The Divine and Human Element in History.
J. M. Aicardo.—The *Autos Sacramentales* of Lope de Vega.
J. Saj.—The Colony of St. Hermengild.
J. del Banio.—Ten Years of Radio-activity.

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Revue Pratique d'Apologétique. November 1 and 15.

- G. Mangenot.*—The Resurrection of Jesus Christ.
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Etudes Franciscaines. November, 1908.

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 The Travels of Brother William Rubrouck.
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